

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

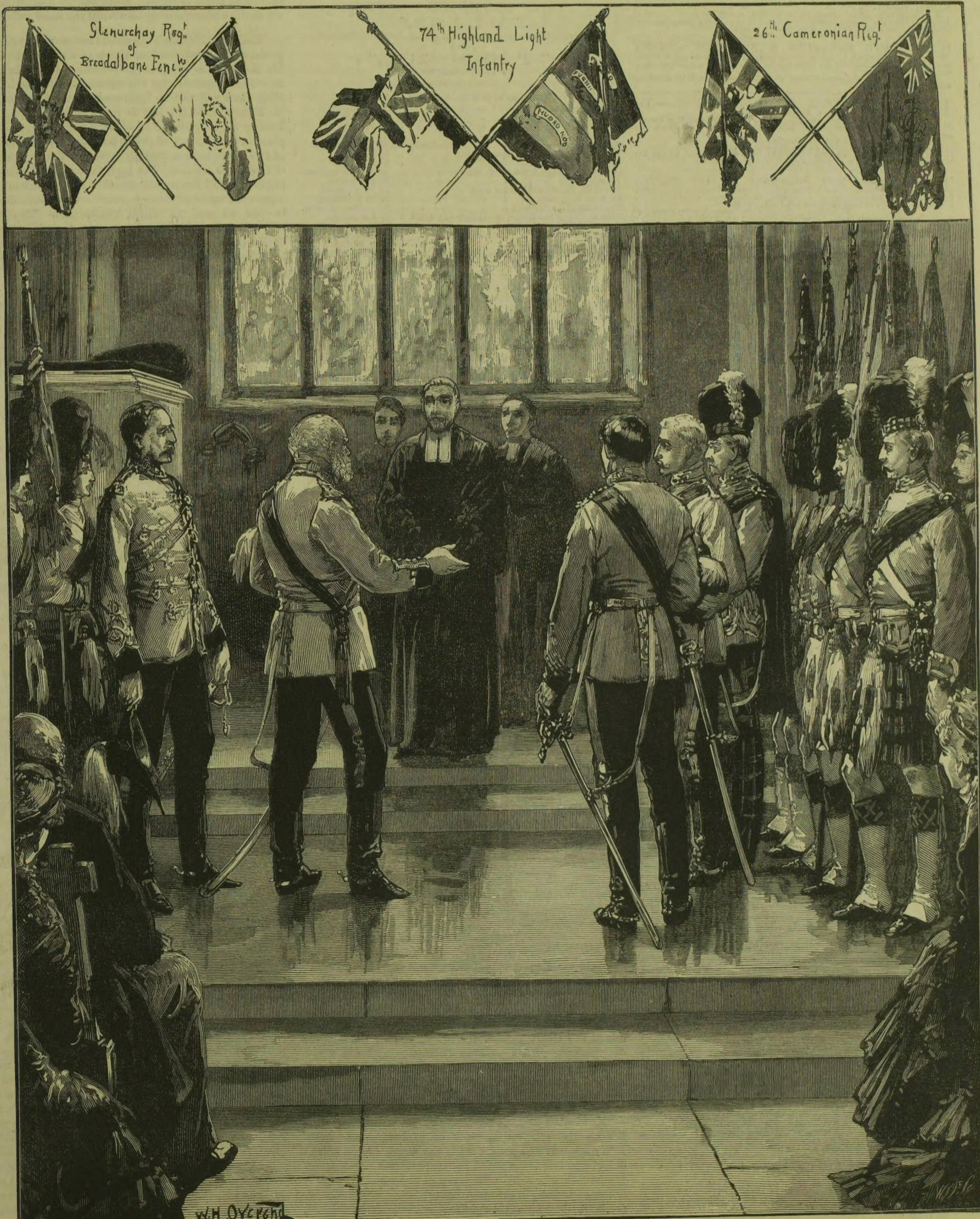


REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2327.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS, BY POST, 6^½D.



PLACING THE OLD SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

MARRIAGE.

On the 20th inst., at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, by the Rev. and Hon. Canon Leigh, George Augustus Barrington Godbold to Alicia Henrietta Kelly, only daughter of the late Michael Bingham Kelly, C.I.R.I.C., and late of Cloncannon, county Galway.

DEATHS.

Sept. 14, at Ouchunga, New Zealand, Susannah Rachel, widow of the late Charles Sanderson, of Peckham, aged 95.

On the 18th inst., at Rome, the Dowager Lady Herries, aged 67.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

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Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE | LE PETIT DUC.

LE PETIT FAUST. | LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

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“ Novelli, | Vermet,

Monsieur Mierzwinski, | Castelnary.

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at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced

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1883. The THIRTY-FIFTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE,

SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, HORSES, and IMPLEMENTS, will be held in

BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1. Admission to witness the

Judging, 10s.; Monday, Dec. 3, &c.; Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1s.; Wednesday, Dec. 5, and

Thursday, Dec. 6, 1s. till Five o'clock; after that hour, 6s.

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FOR 1884.

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TO BE PUBLISHED DEC. 3.

TWO COLOURED PLATES.

“ M L I S S M E ,”

BY KATE GREENAWAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?	By Hal Ludlow.
Great Expectations	By E. T. Walker.
Christmas Bell-Ringers	By F. Dadd.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Strange news from Shrewsbury! We seem to be brought back to the days of the seventeenth-century broad-sheets and chap-books of which Mr. John Ashton has, in modern times, been the industrious compiler and commentator. Here, halting at Brussels, in Brabant, on my way to Rome (all roads lead to Rome), I light upon the London papers, containing alarming statements about a little bit of a maid-of-all-work, "just thirteen years old" (the age of Beatrice Cenci when she settled accounts with the Count, her papa, and of Dinah, the beloved of Willikins, when she swallowed the "cup of cold poison." This "Marchioness" down in Shrewsbury Vale has, it would appear, been the object of the most astounding "manifestations," which some imbeciles have been calling "electrical" and other simpletons "spiritual."

Brickbats and tiles flying through the window of the room in which this precious little "medium" sate; "a thump and a thud outside as though a drum was being beaten"; "dishes flying up to the ceiling and falling down in a heap"; the family Bible "beginning to jump awful about the room"; "the girl's laced boot flying off six times to the further end of the room"; "great knocks at the partition wall; and the girl herself, the chair in which she was seated and all, floating off the ground to a height of three and a half feet";—this last in the presence of her school-mistress. In the occurrence of every one of these phenomena, except the "flotation," I unreservedly believe. In the "flotation," with all due deference to the school-mistress, I no more believe than I do in Mr. Home or any other spiritualist quack.

The mischievous little minx has, I find from the *Evening Standard*, confessed that she is an impostor, and that the manifestations were so many "arranged cheats." But she did not mention, nor, up to this time, have I found the fact mentioned elsewhere, that her impudent fraud was at least two hundred years old. Please to note the words which I have italicised above, and then read the seventeenth-century narrative of "The Drummer of Tedworth"—the imposture of an artful servant-girl in the time (if I remember aright) of the Commonwealth; and on which Addison founded his play of "The Drummer." The Tedworth drummings, brickbat-heavings, crockeryware-smashings, and so forth, were brought about by means of a cunningly arranged web of wires or threads attached to the objects intended to be thrown down or dragged about.

I quite agree with the *Evening Standard* that the girl should be sent to an industrial school; and if, ere she were dispatched thither, she underwent the discipline which the nursery heroine, Jill, received at the hand of her maternal parent, "for laughing at Jack's disaster," the better, perhaps, it would be for her. The mischief which has been wrought in this world by crafty, vicious, or hysterical girls of thirteen, is almost incalculable. Probably, at least one third of the so-called witches burnt in England, Scotland, France, and Massachusetts were denounced by girl-children. Read, in this connection, the Memoirs of Madame Antoinette Bourignon, the Quietest. The book is in the library of the British Museum.

Archdeacon Paley and the watch, once more. In a speech made by Sir Stafford Northcote at the Birmingham Townhall, at a meeting of the Birmingham Suburban Institutes Union, I read as follows:—

Exactly as these second causes were discovered, and as the forces of nature were found more powerful, they had been forced to consider who it was that made these great laws of nature. If these powers came from the development of certain forces, who was it that gave these forces which were so developed? They knew Paley's illustration of this, which was so applicable. Paley said that if they picked up a stone in the middle of Salisbury Plain, they might suppose it had lain there for ages; but if they picked up a watch with complicated machinery, the more they saw how complicated it was, the more they were convinced there must have been some maker, some first cause, behind that which they could detect for themselves.

How much longer will it be necessary to remind orators and essayists—even preachers of the theological essays called sermons—that the illustration of the watch, in furtherance of the Argument of Design, was impudently stolen by Archdeacon Paley from the English translation (published in the reign of Queen Anne) of the work of a Dutch divine, named, if my memory serves me correctly, Nieuwentyt? More than this, "Paley's Natural Theology" is, from beginning to end, based on the lines of the Dutchman, whose very language has, in many instances, been coolly "lifted" by the English Church dignitary. The particulars of the fraud are given in detail in "Chambers's Book of Days," a work published full twenty years since. Over and over again Paley's literary dishonesty has been exposed by English men of letters; yet here we have an accomplished statesman displaying, while lecturing the youth of the Midlands on the advantages of literary study, an amusing ignorance of one of the most notorious of literary *supereheresies*.

A good many weeks have passed since, in this page, the Distressed Compiler and his friendly correspondents had a talk—more than once renewed—about turtle soup, its history, associations, and so forth. Then came the opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition, and the "Conferences" connected therewith, including Sir Henry Thompson's remarkable paper on "Fish as Food," in the course of which the great surgeon stated that "conger eel, as few people seem to be aware, is the source of all turtle soup when at its best—the turtle furnishing only the garnish and the name." The reproduction in the "Echoes" of Sir Henry's allegation brought me a large number of indignant denials from pastry-cooks, tavern-keepers, and others as to conger eel entering in any shape or form into the composition of turtle soup. I noted a few of the denials, and left the abuse alone. We do not quarrel in this page. I have, myself, so vile a temper, that my main business in life is to make things pleasant to other people.

Thus I am very sorry to perceive that the turtle-soup controversy has drifted from this Journal into the *Times*, and that

the change of venue has been somewhat detrimental to the amenity with which the question has been hitherto discussed. One fiery turtle-maker writes to my contemporary to say that "there is not a word of truth" in Sir Henry's assertion touching conger eel. This is very painful. Another declares that the stock as well as the garnish is made from pure turtle. This is rash; since I have at home at least twenty eighteenth and nineteenth century cookery-books of repute in which a stock of beef or of veal is prescribed for "real" turtle soup. On the other hand, I must frankly confess that I never heard of conger eel being boiled down to make stock for turtle soup until the publication of Sir Henry Thompson's paper.

The interest taken in this question seems to have travelled pretty far. "T. B.," writing from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, West Indies, states:—

I have a word to say about conger eels. About three months since I met at this place the master of an English schooner, who had come here for sugar; and in the course of conversation he told me that for many years he had been engaged in fishing round the English coasts, and that conger eels readily fetched a guinea and sometimes twenty-five shillings per cwt. in the market. I asked him if conger were good to eat. He replied that he supposed so; for, although he had never seen them cooked, he knew that large quantities were sent to London.

The sequel of the skipper's remarks is somewhat alarming. He added that "wrecks were fine places to hook conger: they were enticed thither by the dead bodies, and then they thrive and breed among the old timbers." As regards the market price of conger eel in London, I note in the *Times* of a day or two since the quotation of conger at fourpence a pound. Who eats it?

Mem.: My West Indian correspondent is likewise so kind as to tell me that in the negro dialect of Barbadoes an over-dressed young fellow is called a "Crusher." "W. B." seems inclined to trace the "masher" of the American mainland to the "crusher" of the West Indies. Our "crusher" used to mean a police-constable. At present (to the felonious classes at least) the police are known as "slops" and as "coppers." "Bobbies" in England, and "Peelers" in Ireland, the police have always been. Their sponsor being evidently the great Robert Peel.

I just glance at these trivialities of nomenclature for the reason that a respected correspondent—"Austriacus" (Vienna)—has written to complain that some time ago I "snubbed him" by neglecting to inform him for what crime Elizabeth Brownrigg was hanged. I am truly sorry to have "snubbed" the gentleman. There may have been something the matter with my liver at the time when I omitted to reply to his question; or perhaps catarrh was the cause of my dis-courtesy. A cold in the head makes us hate our species—temporarily. I have told "Austriacus" privately all about Mother Brownrigg; and it was possibly *au fond* only insular conceit which led me to assume that everybody must know who the monster in question was, and why barbarous cruelty to children is called "Brownriggism."

But everybody is not familiar with these minor matters. Not long ago a learned foreign correspondent asked me why the stifling or suppression of a political inquiry should be termed (in a newspaper article) the "burking" of the inquiry in question. I had to tell him, privately, how the Edinburgh murderers Burke and Hare were in the habit of suffocating, by means of pitch-plasters clapped over the mouth and nostrils, the victims whose corpses they afterwards sold to the surgeons for dissection. But had I told the story of Burke and Hare publicly I should have been laughed at for re-telling a tale which "everybody" knew. "Everybody" knows far less than we are apt to imagine. The average American may not know what we mean by "according to Cocker"; while the average Englishman may be unaware of the meaning of "according to Gunter." They both mean the same thing: implying irreproachable accuracy in computation.

"Austriacus" and another Viennese correspondent "F. D." have laid me under a considerable obligation in telling me that I am in error in having spoken of the "sausage" Prater at Vienna. There is no such place in the Kaiserstadt. The so-called Wurstel Prater is derived from "Hans Wurst," not signifying a sausage, but a doll, a puppet, a marionette, a "Jean-potage," a Jack-potato ("jack-pudding," respected F. D.) When the Kaiser Joseph II., at the instigation of Joseph von Sonnenfeld, banished Hans Wurst from the playhouses of the city this popular personage took up his abode in the Prater, which, at the same period, was opened to the public; and the "Wurstel Prater" has ever since been the chosen locality for puppet-shows.

The mistake into which (being totally ignorant of that lively lingo, the Viennese dialect) I inadvertently fell seems to be a pretty common one, "Austriacus" himself remarks that he has read in Italian newspapers of the "Prater Salsiccie"; and, although he doubts whether any considerable consumption of sausages habitually takes place in the popular resort in question, I can vouch, from ocular experience, for the eating of much sausage there on a certain beautiful night in June last, when I halted at Vienna during my "retreat from Moscow." Sausage, bread (the best in Europe), cheese, and beer, seemed to be the staple of the outdoor fare so plentifully provided for the patrons of the Wurstel Prater.

I have been courteously invited to be present on Monday, the 19th inst., at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, to be present at the reading of a paper by Mr. Habib Anthony Salmoné, M.R.A.S., "On the Importance to Great Britain of the Study of Arabic." As, by noon-day on Monday, the 19th, I hope to be in the middle of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, *en route* for sunny Italy (I wonder whether it will be raining cats and dogs there, as it has been raining ever since Monday, the 12th, in Brussels), it is manifestly impossible that I can avail myself of the politeness of the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society.

The importance to Great Britain of the study of Arabic is as important as, but not more important than, that of modern Greek (which is as easy as Italian) and of Russ. The last is really a difficult tongue to learn with accuracy; but a little of it may be picked up in a very short time, and a little Russ will go a long way. One should be able to travel, without a courier, from Petersburg to Odessa without any ampler vocabulary than the capital one in the latest edition of Murray's Handbook for Russia, which contains an equally good vocabulary of Polish. With respect to the study of Arabic, no Royal road will ever be opened to the knowledge of that tongue until some compiler of an Arabic grammar does something towards simplifying the method of writing Arabic.

The present triple arrangement of the alphabet as initial, medial, and final letters, simply sickens and reduces to despair the youthful student. That which is wanted is a simpler arrangement, and a familiar explanation as to how Arabic should be written, why and when certain letters are left out in writing a word, with plain examples, not of the theory, but of the everyday practice. Perhaps Mr. Habib Anthony Salmoné may see his way to devising such helps to the student. Perhaps there are already some works of the nature of "The Writing of Arabic made Easy"; but, with a solitary exception, I never met with one. The exception was a little Franco-Arabic manual which I bought at Constantine, in Algeria, nearly twenty years ago, and in which the compiler had the boldness to assert that the triple-column arrangement of initials, medials, and finals was only a cunning device intended for the benefit of the type-founders. At the same time, it is obvious that there are initial, medial, and final letters in the Arabic alphabet. Dear Mr. H. A. Salmoné, please to tell us how we can most easily and most simply arrange them. It is a hard thing, after you have been flogging, say for six weeks, over the alphabet, to find that you cannot read that which you have written.

Ah! here is a refreshing word. I read of the celebration of the third anniversary, at Cologne, of a Society called the "Cigarrenabschnittsammelverein." Nine syllables. Good. I hear the compositors grind their teeth (but Christmas is coming, worthy Sirs); I see the proof reader bending his brows, and refreshing himself (perchance) with a pinch of rappée, as he grapples with the formidable noun. The beneficent purpose of the Cigarrenabschnittsammelverein is the picking up of cigar-ends which have been thrown away, and the sale thereof, to be remanufactured as tobacco. Within the last three years the society has been enabled to provide with warm clothing and stout shoes nearly a thousand poor children. English smokers would do well to organise such a society.

Mem.: The newest thing in luxurious receptacles for cigars, at Brussels, is the "Afrique Centrale" or "Stanley." This is to be seen in the "objets d'art" shops of the Montagne de la Cour, the Galerie St. Hubert, and the new Boulevard du Nord. The "Stanley" is a real elephant's foot, handsomely mounted, and forming a cofier, the lid of which, opening, discloses a rosewood disc, perforated with holes, in which your regalias are stacked, like so many umbrellas.

A correspondent has obligingly forwarded me the bill of fare of a vegetarian restaurant at Manchester, to which is prefixed the following touching lines from Goldsmith:—

No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:
But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Certainly, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith; but how about that "Haunch of Venison"? To advocate vegetarianism from a religious or a humanitarian point of view is—well, what shall I say?—so much gooseberry fool. But as regards a wholesome diet I have a strong faith in the principles of vegetarianism, and in the moderate and modified practice thereof. I see that the Manchester menu comprises butter, cheese, and milk—all animal and not vegetable products. I likewise despise egg patty. I should be quite content with a dinner of stewed onions, egg patty, baked tomatoes, mashed turnips, macaroni and cheese, and apricot pie, say, twice a week. But on two other days I should like a meal of fish and eggs; and on the remaining three days I should like a small quantity of meat. For a sedentary and elderly person I hold four ounces a day of solid animal food to be an ample allowance; but it will be much better for you (it is only my unauthoritative opinion) if you can have at least a couple of "banyan" days a week in which you eat no meat at all. There are, it is true, difficulties in the way of adopting such a course. Your womankind look glum, and opine either that your modified vegetarianism is a passing whim, or a tacit protest against the magnitude of the butcher's bill. The servants (who are fanatically in favour of devouring huge lumps of meat) are scared; and the cook sulks.

For the rest, there are several excellent vegetarian restaurants in London; and the cause, which, moderately persevered in, is one of simple common sense, seems to be fairly progressing. The correspondent at Manchester, to whose courtesy I owe the bill of fare mentioned, tells me that he has reason to believe that nineteen-twentieths of the "clerks and ware-housemen of all grades" who dine at the vegetarian restaurant are not professed vegetarians. They patronise it because it is cheap. The majority of the guests pay eightpence or, at the outside, ninepence for a meal. "Savoury" (say macaroni and cheese or baked tomatoes), fourpence; vegetable, a penny; a sweet, threepence; or soup, fourpence; bread, a penny; and sweet, a penny. Very filling, at the price. Tomatoes (the rosy boon with the blessed sub-acid) are largely consumed in Manchester, adds my correspondent. He has seen the members of the artisan class eating tomatoes, raw, as though they were apples, in the street. G. A. S.

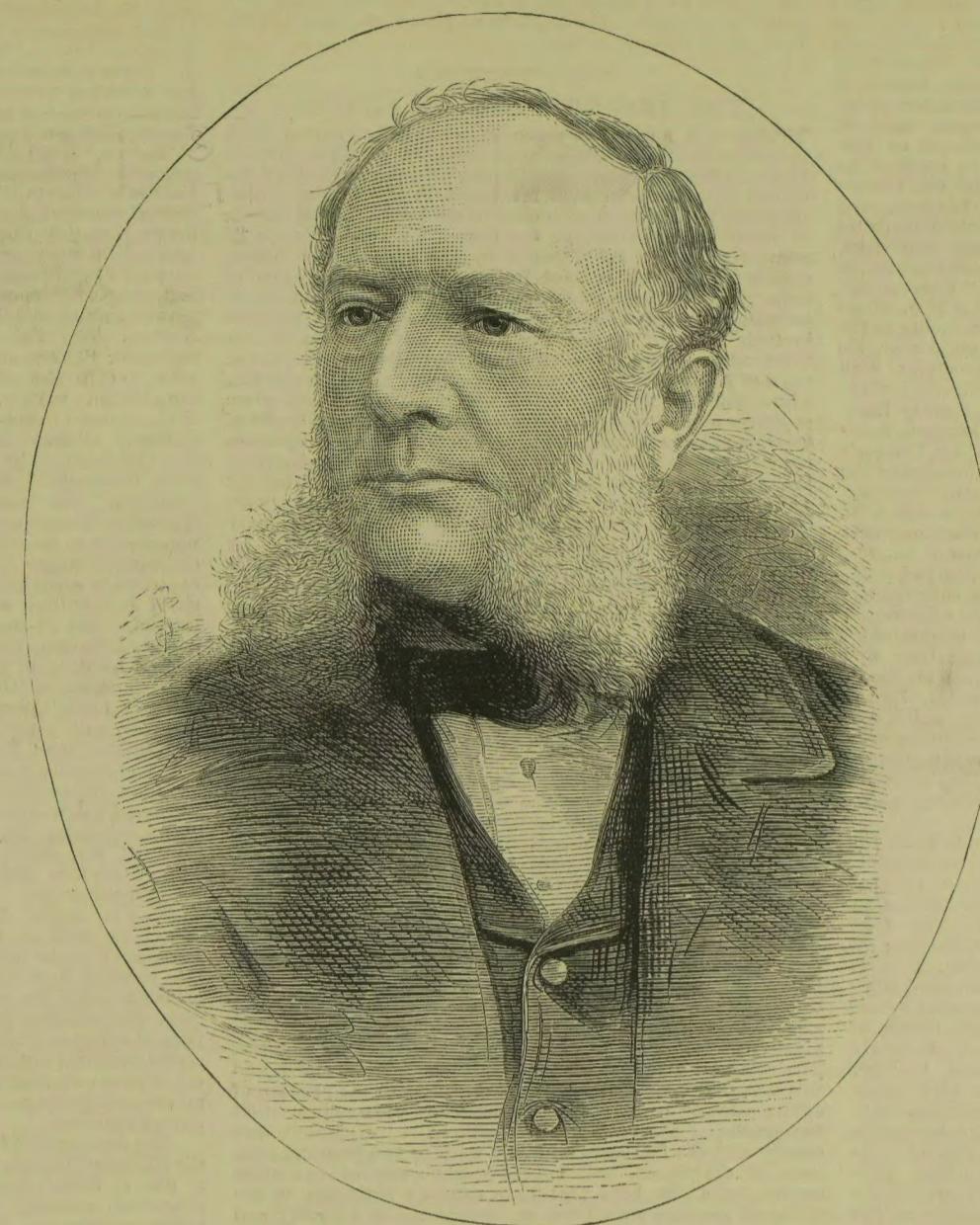


1. Government Officer, with Drummer, calling on Peasants to Deliver up their Rifles.
2. Receiving the Weapons given up. - 3. Paratchin and the Plain of Alexinatz.

4. Insurgent's Marching through Paratchin.
5. Fighting between Government Troops and Insurgents at Banja.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS, F.R.S.

We regret to announce the sudden death, on Tuesday last, of this eminently useful man of science, who was President of the British Association at its Southampton meeting in 1882, when his portrait, which is now republished, was given in this journal. Charles William Siemens was by birth a German, having been born at Lenthe, in Hanover, on April 4, 1823, and was educated in the Gymnasium at Lübeck, the School of Ar's at Magdeburg, and the University of Göttingen. He learned engineering at the factory of Count Stolberg, but in 1843 came to England, and was followed here, in after years, by his three brothers, who joined him in various undertakings of scientific manufactures. Among these were the method of gilding and silvering by galvanic process, invented by Werner Siemens; that of "anastatic printing"; some improvements of the steam-engine, the calico-printing machine, the air-pump, the caloric engine, the water-meter, and in the apparatus for recording scientific observations at Greenwich Observatory; finally, between 1856 and 1861, the "regenerative gas furnace," used for the manufacture of steel. In 1858, Siemens Brothers, with Mr. Halske, of Berlin, established their great works at Charlton, West Woolwich, now chiefly occupied with the manufacture of submarine electric telegraph cables. In 1868, their great steel works at Landore, Swansea, were set on foot, which now produce above a thousand tons weekly of the finest cast steel. Dr. C. W. Siemens received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University in 1869. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1862, and was afterwards one of the Council; he was also in later years President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, one of the Council of the Institute of Civil Engineers, President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and Chairman of the Society of Arts, to which he would have delivered an address last Wednesday. He was author of several important discoveries in physics and electricity, and latterly bestowed much study on the processes of electric lighting and the appliances for the transmission of electric force, in which he has attained great practical success. As a



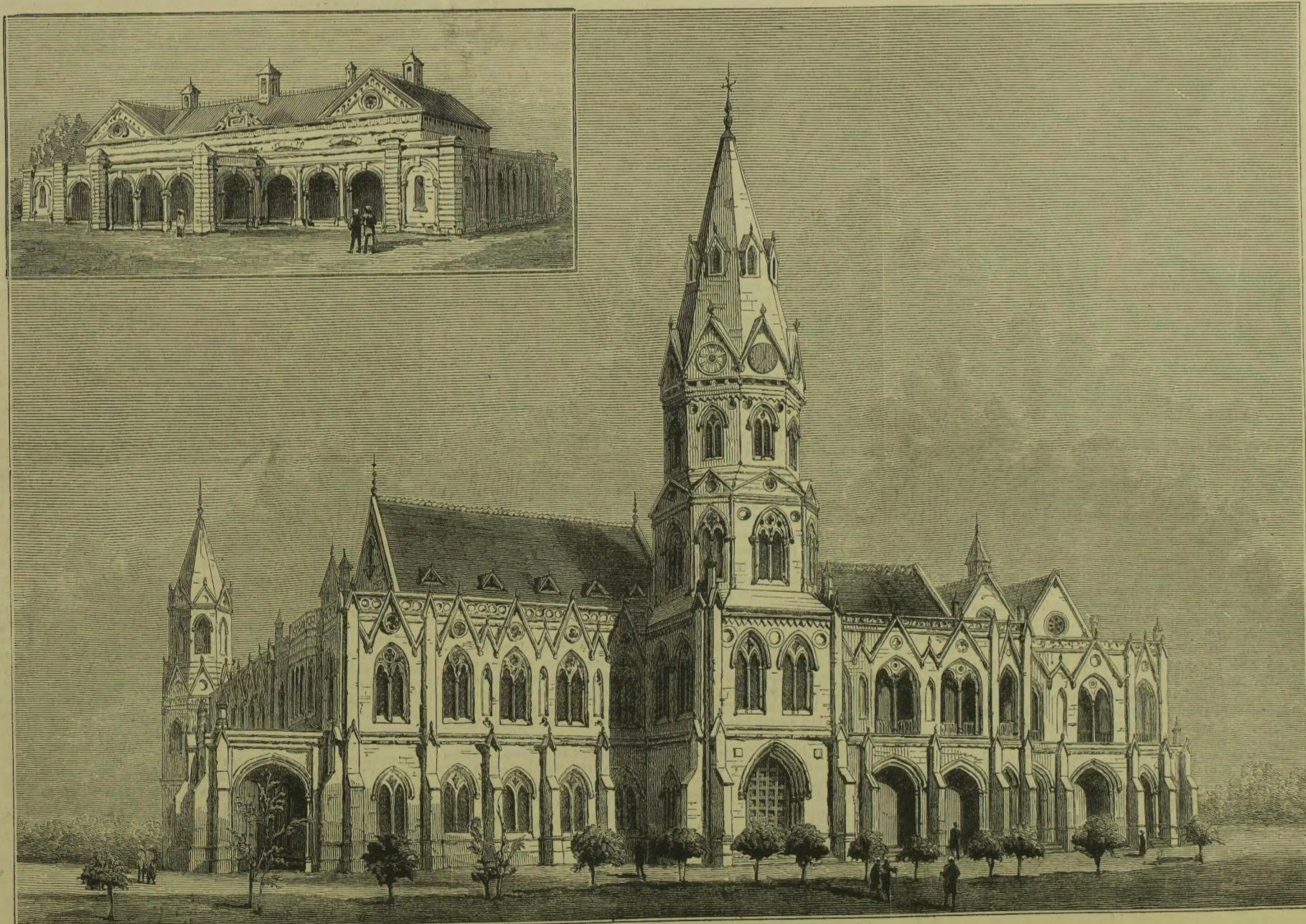
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS, F.R.S.

scientific philosopher, he has, by his theory of the conservation of solar energy, published last year, won the attention of men of science all over the world. Her Majesty conferred on him the honour of knighthood in April last. His death was the result of heart disease, probably aggravated by the shock of a fall in walking about a fortnight ago.

THE PUNJAUB UNIVERSITY, LAHORE.

A feature of great interest and significance in the social condition of India under British Government is the willingness of the upper classes of natives, more especially in the Punjab, to provide liberally for the education of their own people. It is to be regretted that, with respect to elementary education throughout the country, the measures adopted by Government, for many years past, have been exceedingly discouraging, almost fatal, to the preservation of an extensive class of schools founded and supported by voluntary native efforts, and of teachers, literary men, and clergy professing the national religion, and giving acceptable instruction in the vernacular languages. Great light has recently been cast upon this question by Dr. G. W. Leitner, the accomplished and indefatigable Principal of the Punjab Government College, formerly Professor of Oriental Languages at King's College, London, in a volume entitled the "History of Indigenous Education in the Punjab since Annexation and in 1882," which ought to be made generally accessible to readers in England. The statistics which he furnishes, proving that the number of such native schools and of their pupils has been enormously reduced by the arbitrary appropriation of their endowments to other purposes, demand the serious attention of Liberal statesmen. The Government schools, maintained by levying a school-rate all over the country, appear to be wholly unsuited to the agricultural population, and it is only the trading classes in the towns who seek instruction conveyed in the Urdu language, which is not that spoken in the rural districts. English instruction must of course be confined to the higher and middle schools.

On the other hand, we must congratulate Dr. Leitner, who during



THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE AND ORIENTAL COLLEGE, LAHORE, WITH THE PUNJAUB UNIVERSITY SENATE HALL.

nineteen years, since November, 1864, has devoted himself with exemplary zeal both to official and extra-official labours in this cause, upon his remarkable success in promoting higher education for the sons of the native gentry and others, able to avail themselves of advanced instruction. Having been appointed, in 1864, the first Principal of the Government College at Lahore, he was not content with raising it to a high degree of efficiency, as an institution for giving a complete English education to its students, many of whom have turned out most useful native officials or professional men. He felt the importance also of reviving the study of the classical languages of India, Arabic and Persian for the Mohammedans, and Sanscrit for the Hindoos, and using these, with their noble literature, as instruments of mental culture, while rendering the vernacular languages, equally with English, vehicles for the communication of European scientific and historical knowledge. We cannot fail to admire the wisdom and true liberality of this idea, which has inspired Dr. Leitner's voluntary exertions, not only in the establishment of an "Oriental College" at Lahore, side by side with the Government College; he being still President of both these Colleges, which are affiliated to the new University of the Punjab; but also in founding a number of literary institutions, headed by the Anjuman-i-Punjab, or Punjab Association, for intellectual and social improvement. Dr. Leitner's services in this direction have been publicly commended by the late Sir Donald Macleod, Lieutenant-Governor of the province, and by Lord Lytton, late Viceroy of India, who spoke of them at the Imperial Durbar in 1877. But it is yet more gratifying that they are cordially appreciated by the higher class of natives, and that their princes, chiefs, and nobles, and other rich men, have, therefore, contributed readily to the cost of carrying out his plans. The whole of the funds raised for the endowment of the National University of the Punjab, which celebrates its first official anniversary in the present week, came from this movement originated by Dr. Leitner among the natives themselves, subscribing without distinction of race or creed. He has accepted the office of Registrar of the University, which was empowered to grant degrees by an Act of the Indian Government about a twelvemonth ago. It had already, during fourteen years, under the name of "the Punjab University College," discharged all the functions of an examining, teaching, and literary institution.

The Lahore Government College, the Oriental College, the Law School, and the Medical School are more immediately connected with the University, but all the schools and colleges in the Punjab, and some in other parts of India, preparing for its examinations, are *ipso facto* affiliated to it. More than a thousand candidates have presented themselves this year for degrees in Oriental learning, in Arts, in Medicine, in Law, both Oriental and European, and for the time-honoured titles of Pundit, Maulvi, or Bhai, which are specially coveted by the native priesthood, and by the hereditary learned classes of various denominations. These, to the number of nearly two hundred, frequent the Lahore Oriental College, which has about twenty teachers, and where they study their own literature, philosophy, law, and medicine, with various branches of general knowledge and the analogous counterparts of European science. The Government College, conducted by four European and three native professors, has about one hundred students, who prepare for the B.A. and M.A. degrees of the University. Upwards of 190 original and translated works, in various Oriental languages, have been published by the now absorbed University College; and rewards are held out to authors and to native poets, of whom interesting gatherings have been held. All questions bearing on the primary, middle, and higher education of the province are referred to the Senate of the University, which has also been consulted by Government on other subjects.

Among the original European promoters of the Punjab University now in England, we may mention Sir Lepel Griffin, Mr. Arthur Brandreth, Mr. T. H. Thornton, and General R. MacLagan; and it will be interesting to observe how far Sir Charles Aitchison, also an original promoter, and now Chancellor of the University, as well as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is able to give effect to the principles laid down at the initiation of the movement, and reiterated last November by himself and Lord Ripon before the contributing chiefs and other donors at the formal inauguration of the new University.

The stately Gothic edifice shown in our Illustration is the Lahore Government College, of which building, we are obliged to remark, a strangely incorrect description is given in Murray's recently published "Handbook of the Punjab." The actual dimensions of this building are 222 ft. 6 in., length of front; its depth to the rear, 176 ft. in one part, having a breadth of 94 ft., but 59 ft. depth for the remainder. Its central feature is an imposing clock-tower. The College was built, of course, by the Government of the Punjab. The Senate Hall of the University, which stands at a short distance, was built chiefly at the cost of the Nawab of Bhawalpore; it is a commodious building, 124 ft. by 80 ft., exclusive of the porch, which is 29 ft. by 17 ft. 6 in., with an arcade extending along the front. The compiler of the "Handbook" seems to have confounded one of these two buildings, the "University Hall," as he calls it, with another house, which is also misdescribed, and the garden of which contains the tomb of a French young lady, the daughter of General Allard.

OLD SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

The fine old Cathedral Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, lately restored to architectural propriety and grandeur by the munificence of Mr. William Chambers, was the scene of an interesting military and religious ceremony on Wednesday week. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by his staff officers, and by Major-General Macdonald, commanding the forces in Scotland, formally delivered to the custody of the Cathedral Board seventeen stand of old colours, which in times past were carried by various Scottish regiments. These included the Royal Scots Fusiliers, King's Own Borderers, 26th Cameronians, Highland Light Infantry, Ross-shire Buffs, 79th Cameron Highlanders, the 82nd Regiment, Sutherland Highlanders, Perthshire Light Infantry, Argyleshire Highlanders, Gordon Highlanders, 99th Lanarkshire, the Reay Fencibles, and the Breadalbane Fencibles. Some of the colours are in a very decayed and fragmentary condition, being little more than a few shreds of silk adhering to the pole, but the majority are in a fair state of preservation. They were carried from the armoury at the Castle to St. Giles's Cathedral by colour parties of the regiments above named, with a guard of honour of the Gordon Highlanders, stopping at the Signet Library to be there inspected by his Royal Highness. At the Cathedral, where a guard of honour of the Royal Scots Greys was stationed, the colour parties entered in procession, following the Queen's Chaplains and members of the Cathedral Board. The Rev. Dr. Lees and other Presbyterian clergy of St. Giles's performed a religious service; after which, the colours being ranged in the transept, where a numerous assembly was collected, with representatives of the Corporation of Edinburgh, the Court of Session, and the University, the presentation ceremony took place, as shown in our Illustration.

The Duke of Cambridge delivered a brief address, to which the Rev. Dr. Lees responded, and the National Anthem was sung. The proceedings ended with a short sermon, a prayer, and a benediction. The flags were placed on stands at the bases of the transept pillars.

THE INSURRECTION IN SERVIA.

The report of a complete suppression of the late partial revolt in the newly created Kingdom of Servia is not yet confirmed. It seems that the insurrection began with the peasants of the eastern districts, who were instigated by Revolutionary conspirators, in complicity with some of the Panslavists of Russia, to resist the execution of the decree for collecting a large number of militia rifles, issued by the Servian Government during the Turkish War of 1877. About thirty thousand of these rifles had been retained by the peasantry, and it was considered dangerous to leave that quantity of such weapons in their hands. The insurrection has prevailed for two or three weeks, between the Timok and the Morava valleys; the town of Alexinatz still remains in the power of the insurgents, who are in force at Kujacevatz. Short skirmishes took place at Banja and several other places, between isolated bands of insurgents and the troops of King Milan I., and our Sketches represent some incidents of this unhappy struggle. Many of the political ringleaders have been arrested and tried by court-martial; a priest, a schoolmaster, and a farmer, were shot at Zaitchar last Monday; and the editor of a Revolutionary paper, imprisoned at Belgrade, has committed suicide by starving himself to death. A special commission of Judges has been sent to Zaitchar for the trial of the remaining cases.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21.

The Report of the Directors of the Mexican Railway Company, which was issued on Saturday, has gone far to dissipate the depression and alarm created among the shareholders by the rumours that had for some time preceded its publication. In several particulars the directors repeat what they said in their previous report regarding the prospects of the company. They, in effect, continue of opinion that the line is capable of earning a substantial dividend irrespective of the carriage of railway material. Apart from an occasional falling off, due to exceptional causes, the ordinary traffic has shown a steady and sensible expansion. As to the question of competition, the directors wisely refrain from suggesting any opinion, which at best could be but mere empty conjecture. That competition, it is pointed out, does not appear to be very immediate, and in the meantime the new railways that are being built, and which do not yet trench upon the gathering ground of the Mexican Railway Company, have already done much to stimulate the business prosperity of the country. The company's lines are now almost wholly steel-railed, and this must tell beneficially in the future. As to the position of affairs with the Government, the directors are sanguine that the arrears of the subvention, which agree in amount very closely with the figures rumoured a week or two preceding the issue of the report, will be met; while one or two other matters of a like kind that have caused a reduction in the dividend are also considered as susceptible of an early and equitable adjustment. The Government has for twenty years met the claims of the company in a fair spirit, and we must hope that the new burdens it has imposed upon itself during the last few years in the way of subventions to other undertakings will not prevent it from resuming the punctual discharge of obligations that have, for the time being, fallen into abeyance.

Brighton Deferred Stock has again attracted the attention of speculative cliques, and the old talk has been revived as to an impending collapse in the price. It is certain that the contending parties of "bulls" and "bears" are both very powerful—the one in financial resources, and the other in the amount of stock they have managed to get control of. The latter are said to have obtained command of no less than £175,000 of stock for a month or six weeks to play with at the ensuing settlements, so as to influence the continuation rates, and in this way give a fictitious tone to the market. Moreover, they are said to have for some time past been quietly buying up all the ordinary stock offering with a view to dividing it into preferred and deferred at the end of the year, and delivering the "A" portion. The prospect of a profit on this operation is not so good as it was when the price of the deferred stock was higher, but the risk is considered trifling, as there is always a market for the preferred, while a fall in the price of the latter, it is hoped, would be always compensated by the greater depreciation in the deferred stock, which it is the main object of these speculators to bring about. As to the competing line to Brighton, the particulars of which have been published, it would perhaps be useless to speculate. It may or may not come to anything. There are not wanting disinterested, but nevertheless well-informed, people who view the matter as likely, from one cause or another, to break down; and in this connection it is not a little singular that the "bear" party make hardly any reference to the affair when summing up their views regarding the position and prospects of the Brighton Company.

Since I last wrote, all doubt has been removed as to the break down of the Mexican Debt negotiations. Seeing the peculiar character of the involvements they had undergone, this result is not to be regretted. By their abandonment, and the consequent throwing over of a host of financial adventurers and parasites—whose pretensions and claims threatened to reduce the wants of the Government to quite a secondary position—the ground is cleared for a new effort to bring about an adjustment with the Bondholders, though it must be admitted that there is at present no prospect of the resumption of efforts.

The conclusion of hostilities between Chili and Peru is considered as presenting an opportune moment for making overtures to the latter country with the object of inducing her to resume the payment of a percentage of interest on the debt. Seeing, however, that the property on which the Peruvian loans were based has passed from Peruvian to Chilean hands, and that in the process the losing country was abused on all hands by her creditors, one may well doubt if representations to the end suggested will meet with a very cordial reception.

T. S.

A statue of the late Alexander Macdonald was unveiled last Saturday at Durham, by Mr. Burt, M.P., who attributed mainly to Macdonald's labours in the House of Commons the passing of the Mines Regulation Act and the Employers' Liability Act.

A general meeting of the South Wales Institute of Engineers was held at Cardiff on the 15th inst., when Mr. James Colquhoun, F.S.A., of Tredegar, was nominated President for the session 1883-4, in succession to Mr. Edward Williams, C.E., of Middlesbrough.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The curtain had scarcely risen at the Royalty the other evening when the keen scent of dramatic critics immediately detected the literary origin of "Gillette." At once a whisper ran round the house. "All's Well that Ends Well." Quite right. Dr. Farmer, in his essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, makes the following remarks:—"The story of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, 'Love's Labour Wonne' (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Mere's 'Wits' Treasury,' 1598) is originally, indeed, the property of Boccaccio, but it came immediately to Shakespeare from Painter's 'Gillette of Narbon.' Whereupon arose a very pretty quarrel amongst the commentators, and they were at daggers drawn because they could not agree amongst themselves whether Shakespeare went to the original Italian or to the adapted English or it for his story. Charles Knight sums the matter up. 'Farmer, as we have seen, says that the story of the play came immediately to Shakespeare from Painter's Gillette of Narbon. The 'Palace of Pleasure' was printed in 1575, and, no doubt, Shakespeare was familiar with the book. But we have yet to learn that Shakespeare was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the sixteenth century as the French writers are read now. Whether received by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio.' So much, then, for the early history of 'Gillette,' that contains an incident well worn by nearly all the earliest French and Italian romance writers. When a loving wife desires to recover the good graces of her lord, or to discover any intrigue in which he may be engaged, she usually contrives to accomplish her object by some diplomatic fraud, aided by a willing accomplice; such was the case with the neglected and ill-treated Gillette de Narbonne. But there is a vast difference between the method of handling such a subject by William Shakespeare and by the authors of a French opera-book called 'Gillette de Narbonne,' brought out at the naughty little 'Bouffes' Theatre in Paris just at this time last year, with music by Audran, the composer of the idyllic 'Mascotte' and the tuneful 'Olivette.' At the Bouffes they like to call a spade a spade, and to linger lovingly on the situation where the married Gillette bribes one of Count Raymond's lady-loves to allow her to accept her rival's place at an amorous interview. It required all the tact and taste of Mr. Savile Clarke to dilute the French book with a copious libation of honest English water; and no fault whatever can be found with him for his share in the work. It would have been cruel to vulgarise such a story, to stuff it with puns and common allusions, and to reduce it to the level of most comic opera-books. Mr. Clarke has, in truth, been timid with his seasoning, whereby he will probably make the unskillful weep, but he will certainly not make the judicious grieve. He is well known as an accomplished writer of lyrics; but then, as a distinguished critic has already pointed out, it is one thing to write songs and lyrics out of your own head and quite another to be hampered by the music already written and the French jingle previously committed to paper.

The comparative failure of "Gillette" is not due at all to the librettist, though many will unreasonably say that it is. It is due to three causes. First, the opera was insufficiently rehearsed; secondly, it was deplorably acted; thirdly, it was indifferently sung. No mounting or decoration in the world, no symphonies in canary colour, however tasteful; no draperies by Liberty or stuffs by Burnet, will make up for an opera that never runs smoothly, but is jerked along; for acting that is so amateurish that it should have no place on the stage of a popular theatre; or for those painful efforts to sing that are positively distressing to the audience. Directly the subject had started, just at the moment when it was essential to start with activity and promise, it was discovered that an important comic character had been intrusted to a gentleman of whom nobody had ever heard before, and who appeared to be desirous of inaugurating a new era of comic acting by being speechless and incoherent. Mr. Willes may have been suffering from acute nervousness, in which case he should be pitied; but it must have been seen at rehearsal that he was unable to make anything of the part intrusted to him. The dashing lovers of comic opera may be difficult to obtain, in which case the amateurish acting of Mr. Walter Browne as the dissolute Count Raymond must be pardoned, whilst, on the other hand, the vivacity of Miss Maud Taylor may be permitted to counterbalance her total inability to sing. Still it strikes the spectator as curious that comic operas should be produced without the very elements requisite to make them successful. In these circumstances it became necessary to fall back upon the accustomed spirit of Miss Kate Santley, whose confidence becomes exhilarating under depressing surroundings; on the welcome comedy of Miss Kate Munroe, who always makes a pretty picture in her artistic dresses even when contrasted with garish and gaudy colours; and on Mr. W. J. Hill, who, being a fat gentleman with a very funny face, is expected to make bricks without straw on every possible occasion. To secure Mr. Hill is enough to obtain a laugh, but he is too good an actor to be sent running on and off the stage as a fat tutor in pursuit of a nimble-heeled lad. This trio may be able to do something for "Gillette." Miss Santley will sing her best, Miss Munroe will look her best, and Mr. Hill will perspire to order. But the errors in the casting of the play should have been as patent to any experienced stage-manager as they were to the critical audience. If the young ladies who assist in the rank and file of the entertainment cannot laugh naturally on the stage, they should be taught to laugh. If they cannot walk upon the stage gracefully, they provoke ridicule instead of pleasure. Even stage giantesses in attenuated costume can be dearly bought. But to make amends for these eyesores, we had, at least the charming dancing of Miss Ada Wilson, and the music of Hamilton Clarke and Walter Slaughter, which to my ears—educated or not—was infinitely preferable to the whole score of Audran put together.

The next few days promise to be very interesting to the playgoer. On Saturday night, as everyone knows, Mr. Pinero is to be the hero of the evening at the Haymarket Theatre, where will be produced "Lords and Commons," the first original play produced under the Bancroft management. Mr. Pinero is a lucky author to get a cast containing such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Stirling, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, with a light division consisting of Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. C. Brookfield, and Mr. Elliott. Rumour cannot be restrained in connection with new plays. Some say that the Radical Mr. Pinero is determined to upset conventional ideas, and to have no love interest in his play. Others insist that there is a love interest similar to that in "Lady Clancarty"—a couple part in youth to meet as man and wife in middle age. Which of these stories is true it is impossible to say; but we shall all see for ourselves on Saturday night.

On the following Thursday, at the Princess's—should the dress-rehearsal on Wednesday prove satisfactory—we are to be summoned to see "Claudian," the most ambitious work yet offered to the public by that excellent actor and popular gentleman Mr. Wilson Barrett. A foolish terror has been spread because Mr. W. G. Wills is not supposed to be able to write a play, save in blank verse and Mr. Herman has selected for his story a

picturesque and glowing period anterior to Christianity. In point of fact, the new play is not in blank verse—and what if it were?—and Mr. Herman's story is supposed to be as human as that of "The Silver King." Claudian, quite apart from its dramatic qualities, whatever they may be, will be found full of colour, animated, and human, with as many opportunities for scenic effect as the most sensational drama ever penned. If it prove a relief from the tawdriness and vulgar realism of modern melodrama, and be found elevated in tone and poetic in diction, the labour of the management will be well repaid. These are not the times, at any rate, to deplore a higher and nobler form of drama at a theatre that has a strong educating influence.

A welcome announcement has been made. Mr. Toole is to come home on Dec. 8, with "Stage Dora," and plenty of funny plays to follow this delightful burlesque. So we shall be laughing long before Christmas this year.

One word in correction. The brother and sister artists of Mr. Hermann Vezin are to give him a "benefit," not a "banquet," on Nov. 30. Perhaps he will have both: he deserves them.

C. S.

MUSIC.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The specialty of last week was the first performance in London of Sir G. A. Macfarren's oratorio, "King David," at the opening concert of the society's new season. This institution is a resuscitation of the old society, which was dissolved last year, after an honourable and useful career of half a century, the greater part of which was associated with Sir Michael Costa as conductor; he having been succeeded, in the new organisation of the society—under the old title—by Mr. Charles Hallé. The opening of the new season yesterday (Friday) week was worthily inaugurated by the production of the oratorio which was composed for, and produced at, the Leeds Festival, during last month, and was commented on at the time. The conductor of the Festival, Sir Arthur Sullivan, again directed the performance of the oratorio in London. It is unnecessary again to comment on the construction and characteristics of "King David," the second performance of which may therefore be briefly noticed. The principal solo vocalists on Friday week were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; the first-named lady having replaced Madame Valleria, who was the principal soprano at the Leeds Festival, at which the three other vocalists were the same as at last week's performance at St. James's Hall. Miss Williams sang with great effect in her two solos—"The path of the just," and "Despise not thou"—and in her shares in the duet with Mr. Santley, "Help, O King," and in that with Madame Patey, "Like as a father." The characteristic overture—which is suggestive of some of the earlier incidents in the career of the Psalmist—and the many effective and scientifically constructed choruses, produced a marked impression, the choral movement entitled "The seed of David is great," having had to be repeated; a result which was evidently desired in several other cases, but was judiciously not complied with on account of the length of the work, at the close of which the composer was called for and appeared on the platform. The society's next concert will take place on Dec. 19, when "The Messiah" will be performed.

The opening of the twenty-sixth season of the Monday Popular Concerts and of the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith, has already been recorded. The subsequent concerts have been of substantial interest, although not presenting any novelty calling for lengthened comment. At the second afternoon performance, Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared and played pianoforte solos, and the principal part in Brahms' pianoforte quartet in A with his well-known skill and refinement. The quartet party was the same as before, led by Madame Norman-Néruda, who played an Adagio by Viotti and another short solo with rare excellence. Mr. Abercrombie was the vocalist, vice Mr. Maus, who was ill. At last Monday's concert, Signor Piatti played with great effect a "Folia," adapted by himself—for violoncello with pianoforte accompaniment—from a movement of a Sonata by Geminiani. The quartet party was the same as previously, and M. De Pachmann was again the solo pianist; Miss Santley having been the vocalist, and Signor Rouilli the accompanist.

The first of a series of three of Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, when a very attractive selection, vocal and instrumental, was rendered by eminent artists.

Herr J. H. Bonawitz has nearly completed his interesting series of historical recitals of pianoforte music at the Blüthner Pianoforte Rooms, Kensington. The scheme includes specimens of all styles and schools of pianoforte music, from the earliest period to the present day. The third recital—and last but one—took place on Wednesday, with a varied programme.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts will close a very successful season this (Saturday) evening, when special attractions will be provided for the occasion, which is also that of the benefit of Mr. W. F. Thomas, the concert lessee. Mr. A. Gwynn Crowe, the conductor, took his benefit last Saturday, when the programme was also of extra importance; the last of the classical nights having been given on Wednesday, with a sterling selection.

It is stated that German Opera is to be given during next season at Covent Garden Theatre, in alternation with the established performances of Italian opera there—Mr. Ernest Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera company, having entered into an agreement with Herr Anglo Neumann for twenty representations, which will include Wagner's operas, "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde," Gluck's "Orfeo" and "Armida," Nicolai's "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," and Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba." Madame Albani and Madame Pauline Lucca will, it is said, be associated with some of the performances of the German company.

On Monday morning the new station at Northampton on the London and North-Western Railway, which has been constructed at a cost of £50,000, was opened. It is furnished with the latest improvements.

Charming novelties in the way of Christmas and New-Year mementoes are always expected at this season from the firm of Ackermann, so long honourably connected with art productions; and this year Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street, sends, as usual, a selection of Prang's American Christmas and New-Year cards, which for simple elegance of design and careful execution fully hold their own, and that is saying a great deal, with the very best productions of their English competitors.—Messrs. Schipper and Co., of King-street, Covent-garden, also have issued a variety of Christmas and New-Year cards, all marked by good taste. Among the quarto ones are bouquets of roses, tiger lilies, and rustic beauties, with stands; while the smaller ones are of great diversity, some of them, on white satin, being very charming. In addition, there is a brilliantly-coloured Calendar for 1884.

THE RECESS.

Mr. Gladstone, who had been on a brief visit to the Earl of Northbrook at Stratton Park, was on Monday the centre of a very animated scene. Looking in at Winchester College, the Prime Minister received an enthusiastic greeting from the Winchester boys, on whose behalf an address of welcome was delivered in Latin by Mr. Leathes, Senior Prefect. One sentence will give the keynote of Mr. Gladstone's compact reply:—"For me, who have passed into the vale of years, there is nothing more touching than to be brought into contact with the young life of Young England, in the choicest seats of English learning, such as Winchester." It was the lot of the Premier the next day to be brought into contact with a far more worldly group of individuals—his colleagues—at a Cabinet Council in Downing-street.

Whether the County Franchise and Redistribution of Seats, London Municipality or County Government, shall have precedence next Session, doubtlessly demanded the attention of the Cabinet in Council. To whichever of these promised measures it may be deemed expedient to give precedence, one vital matter must be boldly dealt with speedily. From personal observation in the most miserable quarters of London—from a close study of the deplorably dismal homes of the poor in "the slums" north and south of the Thames—Sir Charles Dilke was indubitably in a position to furnish the Cabinet with authoritative details on the subject which the Marquis of Salisbury has forced to the front.

Something must be done, and soon, to solve this serious problem of providing the London poor—and the poor of every large city—with cheap and healthy dwellings. Many years ago, in a familiar passage, the late Lord Beaconsfield uttered a warning cry on this point when he emphatically laid stress on the urgent need for sanitary reform. The evil is now generally admitted. It is for the Government to prescribe a remedy. Sir Charles Dilke, unsurpassed hitherto as a dry accumulator of dry facts, has before him a golden opportunity to show he does not lack the humane fibre of true statesmanship.

Colleagues who have as good a claim as Sir Charles Dilke on the ground of long and valuable public services to the Cabinet Ministers are keenly alive to the gravity of this engrossing question. The lion of the Reading demonstration, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, on the 15th inst., said he had for many years given great attention to the miserable condition of the classes living in the "slums" and "rookeries." To prove the inefficacy of Sir Richard Cross's Artisans' Dwellings Act of 1875, the First Commissioner of Works stated that "enormous sums have been granted to the owners of these rookeries. In London, in eleven schemes in respect of districts inhabited by 4500 families, the loss to the ratepayers on the purchase and resale has been no less than £1,250,000, or nearly £300 for each family, and the houses rebuilt on these properties have been peopled, not by the persons dispossessed, but by a superior class of persons." With a view to prevent this inordinately excessive compensation from being granted, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre last Session secured the passing of a little Government bill; and had this recent Act "been in force from the first, the loss, under the previous Act, of £1,250,000, would have been reduced to one third, or £400,000." The First Commissioner pithily added:—

Meanwhile, there are many other ways of assisting in this good cause. Many of these miserable houses ought not to be purchased by the local authorities, their owners ought to be compelled to put them in order under Mr. Turren's valuable Act (cheers); but here the difficulty is that this power is vested in the vestries, and in London the owners of this miserable property are often members of the vestries, and are naturally not very anxious to put the law in force against themselves. The whole question, therefore, is mixed up with that of local government and of the municipal reform of London. One of the best things we can do to find a remedy for this evil is to give London a good municipal government, in which the ratepayers shall be directly represented.

Mr. Fawcett's remarks on this absorbing question at the same Reading meeting (whereat he heartily thanked Mr. Shaw-Lefevre for acting as Postmaster-General whilst he was suffering from diphtheria last year) were equally practical and seasonable—particularly the rational protests against any augmentation of the rates, already extravagantly high.

Mr. Forster, presiding the following night over an influential meeting of the London Liberal Councils at the Cannon-street Hotel, thanked the Marquis of Salisbury "with all" his heart for writing the noted article on "Labourers" and Artisans' Dwellings," and advanced the opinion that "This state of overcrowding is really a question for the Corporate Government of London." Mr. Forster did more. Disinclined to prophesy, he ventured on a "guess":—

It is this—that the first night of the Session we shall see Mr. Gladstone get up and give notice of a Bill for giving the franchise to county householders, and then we shall see Sir William Harcourt get up immediately afterwards and give notice of a Bill for the reform of London government.

And resolutions praying the Government to act in accordance with this "guess" were adopted.

Mr. Ayrton, it may be mentioned in passing, emerged from semi-retirement to support Mr. Forster at the Cannon-street Hotel.

Sir Stafford Northcote has been treading not exactly on neutral ground—Radical Birmingham could hardly ever be considered neutral from a political point of view—but has, at least, felicitously spoken on educational topics at the Birmingham Townhall. The text of the right hon. gentleman was the Suburban Institutes Union. Referring to the fact that the foundation-stone of the Birmingham and Midland Institute was laid twenty-eight years ago by Prince Albert, Sir Stafford happily said few Sovereigns had done so much as the Consort of the Queen to promote the principles of self-help and to foster Art and Science. In earnestly recommending the study of literature, he aptly said no one had proved more clearly than Mr. Bright how much the study of English literature could improve a man's abilities and character. A graceful Birthday compliment to Mr. Bright!

Mr. W. H. Smith presided on Monday at a lecture on Ireland delivered to the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association. The ex-First Lord of the Admiralty spoke with habitual fairness regarding recent legislation for the sister isle; referred to his proposal for the encouragement of peasant proprietorship in Ireland, yet argued that no further amendment of the land laws would be expedient; and warmly protested against the violent language used by Mr. Healy at Limerick after the late election (which resulted in the return of another follower of Mr. Parnell—Mr. Edward McMahon)—by a majority of 449 over the Conservative candidate, Mr. James Spraight).

The Government were assailed with characteristic vivacity by Lord George Hamilton at Teddington on Tuesday night, when his Lordship sought to ridicule the magnificent Midlothian promises of Mr. Gladstone, and complained that the nation groaned under increased taxation, whilst abroad we had not a single cordial ally, and our Colonies were discouraged by the wet-blanket coldness of the Colonial Office. On the part of the Government, Mr. Mundella may be said to have crowded lustily at Peterborough on Monday in praise of Ministerial achievements; and on Tuesday the free-and-easy Liberal "whip," Lord Richard Grosvenor, plumed the Ministry on their policy at the Holywell meeting.

Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset, Conservative member for West Somerset, having applied for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, the constituency will have before it Mr. Charles I. Elton as Conservative candidate, and Lord Kilcoursie, eldest son of the Earl of Cavan, as Liberal candidate.

Mr. H. Richard and Mr. Dillwyn were among the speakers at meetings held on Tuesday at Carnarvon to promote the disestablishment of the Church in Wales.

THE LONDON SAMARITAN SOCIETY.

Although we have "the poor always with us," they are not at all times equally poor. Summer is their happiest season, for then they may forget that clothes are scanty, and even the pressure of hunger is less felt when the kindly sun infuses warmth into their thin bodies and feeble limbs. But in chill November comes once more the bitter grip of cold and starvation, and then all the charitable agencies begin to be busy in the attempt to cope with the waves of misery that surge up on every side. One of the most valuable of these is the London Samaritan Society and Homerton Mission, which has its headquarters in one of the poorest parts of the East End, and which provides food, clothes, and assistance of all kinds, besides thinning the ranks of the starving legions by taking troop after troop of them to Canada, and there procuring situations for them. A prominent part of its system of feeding the hungry is the sale of penny breakfasts of hot cocoa and bread throughout the winter, a great boon to those who would otherwise start with empty stomachs on their weary search for the work which too often cannot be obtained, as well as to those others who have work to go to, but no prospect of food till it is done. But the department of the Society's labours which brings the most genuine satisfaction is the feeding and clothing of children. The law which compels these little creatures to go to school does not take account of their bodily necessities, and vast numbers of them stand shivering in their places at nine o'clock in the morning without having tasted a mouthful, and were it not for the "Samaritans" would starve all day. Indeed, they are in a worse case than ever, because their families miss their contributions to the weekly earnings, and many of the poor of London live by home industries in which children can give valuable aid. The Society supplies teachers in elementary schools with tickets which they distribute to the children, who carry them to the nearest eating-house or coffee tavern, where they are exchanged for substantial nourishment. How gladly this help is received may be imagined when the teachers say "many have nothing to eat but what the tickets give them" and many others "have nothing but dry bread all the week."

The work of clothing the naked goes on every Saturday evening throughout the winter, and began for this season on Oct. 27, when our Artist, at the invitation of Mr. J. J. Jones, the director, went to 98, High-street, Homerton, and was deeply impressed with the poverty of the people gathered together, and their thankfulness for the boots and garments given to them. From the worst hovels of Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, Hackney, Homerton, and Whitechapel they came, and, with the pathetic patience of the very poor, sat and stood quietly awaiting their turn for attention. How gladly the mothers tried the frocks and petticoats offered them on their children! Here a lad was made radiantly happy by the exchange of a jacket which some school-boy had left off for his old tattered one. There a woman measured a pair of trousers against the puny stature of her son, sighing to find that they were vastly too big for him. The demand for boots and shoes was very brisk, and when almost all were disposed of and the majority of applicants had gone, in came a poor boy, wet and footsore, to see if there might perchance be a pair left for him. He sat down on a bench, all that remained were brought and he tried them on one after another. Some were too small, others too large; but anything was preferable to bare feet, and he ultimately was grateful for a pair that might have suited his father. It was curious to see the small girls and boys comparing notes as they held out their frocks and jackets for one another's inspection, and pleasant to think how little it takes to make a child happy. The tales told of want of work, of low wages, of high rents, few conveniences and many mouths to feed were heart-rending, and there can be no better way of disposing of the cast-off clothes that are sure to accumulate in a family, or any money that can be spared for the relief of wretchedness, than by sending either or both to Mr. Jones, at Homerton, or to the new Offices of the Society, at 57 and 59, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

THE POST-BOY.

In this picture, by Mr. P. J. Morris, A.R.A., which is exhibited at the Fine-Art Gallery of Mr. Mendoza, in King-street, St. James's, two village damsels have intercepted the post-office messenger on his pony, with intent to get the love-letter that he may bring for one of them, so that their parents and neighbours may not know about it. The occasion is pleasantly as well as truthfully expressed by the eager look of one pretty girl and the shamefacedness of the other; clinging together unconsciously, as if for mutual protection, at the mere thought of being possibly discovered in this questionable practice. The stolid and deliberately slow behaviour of the post-boy, who pretends to rummage his leather valise for the expected letter, and will not say whether he has it in his possession, is probably assumed on purpose to tease them. It is a nice little scene of village comedy, and a capital work of art.

Sir Bartle Frere distributed the prizes on Tuesday to the successful students at the Dover School of Art.

The seventh annual show of homing and "fancy" pigeons was held on Tuesday in the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge, with a goodly collection of about 700 birds, in some 500 separate entries.

A banquet was given on Monday evening at the Cannon-street Hotel to Alderman Hadley by the Railway Officers and Servants' Association. The chair was taken by Lord Alfred Spencer Churchill, who, in connection with the toast of the evening, presented to the Alderman a silver cup subscribed for by 5000 railway servants, members of the Association.

A house is about to be opened at No. 34, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W., which will afford safe, cheap lodgings, and also board, for fifteen young women. It will be kept by a sister from the All Saints' Home. Lodgings which are at once respectable and within the compass of a shop-girl's narrow means are peculiarly scarce in this part of London, though nowhere are there more young women in want of such a shelter. A recreation-room is also attached to it, open every evening, and providing both amusement and classes for French and singing; and a Sunday bible class for more than a hundred young women. Donations and subscriptions for the rent may be sent to the treasurer, Miss Holland, 109, Harley-street, London, W.



1. Waiting for their Turn.

2. Trying-On.

3. The Clothes Department.

4. A New Coat for an Old One.

5. Not Made to Measure.

6. Tender Feet.

7. Comparing Notes.



THE POST-BOY. BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
EXHIBITED AT MR. MENDOZA'S GALLERY, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 20.

Once a year the French Academy distributes, with becoming solemnity and appropriate speeches, certain pecuniary gifts, bequeathed by the late Baron de Monthyon ostensibly for the encouragement of virtue. This ceremony has been celebrated now for sixty consecutive years, so that it can no longer be said to have the charm of novelty. Still it is always an event, on account of the set speech which some member of the Academy is called upon to make on the occasion, and now, more than ever, on account of the new note that was introduced into this speech by M.M. Dumas and Sardou, and last year by M. Renan, whose panegyric of virtue was gay, malicious, and sceptical from beginning to end. This year M. Rousse, the eminent barrister, was charged with the speech and acquitted himself satisfactorily, though more gravely than his predecessors. M. Rousse took a very pessimistic view of French society in general, and especially of modern French fiction, which continues to delight in the detailed description of corruption. M. Rousse has no very high opinion of modern life, "where nothing is in its place—neither duties, nor business, nor pleasure; where people talk foolishly of serious things and gravely of frivolous things; where between the memories that overwhelm us and the dangers that threaten us there is rumour of nothing but feasting and fêtes, of games and of races, and where the victory of a horse is regarded as the memorable revenge of all our disasters." Who would have thought that Frontin, the winner of the Grand Prix, would be immortalised by the speech of an immortal? After these general considerations, M. Rousse went on to describe the cases of virtue which the Academy had thought fit to reward. Most of the prize-winners, it is to be remarked, are over eighty years of age; in every case the persistent practice of virtue has brought them to poverty or kept them there; and it may reasonably be expected that in several instances the 3000 or 1500 francs given by the Academy will serve little more than to pay the funeral expenses of the virtuous prize-winners. What a strange idea it was of M. de Monthyon to found prizes for the reward of that quality which the wisdom of nations has so truly proclaimed to be its own reward!

The Tonquin mystery continues to provoke intermittent bulletins of public opinion. The Parliamentary commission sitting on the question of the supplementary Tonquin credits has heard the explanations of the Government, but all its proceedings are kept secret. The Marquis Tseng continues to economise hotel expenses by sleeping in the Calais mail-train. Whether France is at war with China or not, nobody seems to know. The only new thing, and it is hardly new, is that M. Challemel-Lacour has at length officially resigned his portfolio, and M. Jules Ferry will henceforward direct independently the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which he has so long directed as interim Minister. M. Ferry passes the portfolio of Public Instruction to M. Fallières, who was for a brief period Minister of the Interior and President of the Council. M. Ferry, by the-way, was to have been assassinated a few days ago. A young man, named Curian, and professing to be the delegate of the Anarchists of Lille, desired to be introduced into the presence of M. Ferry, in order that he might blow out his brains. The would-be assassin was promptly locked up.

The surest way of combating the Tonquin and Madagascar expeditions is by way of figures derived from commercial reports. These arguments were brought up in the Senate last week by M. Pouyer-Quertier, who showed that not only was the population of France decreasing, but that since 1870 the exports had decreased by 200 millions, while the imports had increased by one milliard and a half. Furthermore, agricultural labour had become so dear and so rare, that in two arrondissements of the department of the Aisne 270 farms were lying fallow for want of tenants. On the other hand, since 1870 the population of Germany has increased by six or seven millions. In presence of these facts M. Pouyer-Quertier asked what France has to do away in Asia.

A committee is being formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to the novelist Honoré de Balzac. A public subscription is to be opened, and special performances given at the theatres. Amongst the sites spoken of for the statue are the middle of the Place de l'Opéra, the Place des Ternes, and the Place Malesherbes, opposite the new Dumas statue.—Paris has had some strange visitors of late. An American vegetarian is preparing a campaign of lectures and pamphlets against meat-eating, and upsetting the internal economy of the hotel where he is staying in the Rue de la Paix; while four Mormons have called upon Victor Hugo, and presented to him two of the young beauties of their sect, begging the great poet to accept them as his wives. Victor Hugo refused the present, but acknowledged the delicate attention of the Mormons.—More memoirs! The new book of the week is the "Mémoires du Baron de Vitrolles," the militant Royalist, who played so considerable and so mysterious a rôle in the Monarchical restoration of 1814. The memoirs give full details of the dramatic intervention of the Baron in this affair, an intervention which all the historians have noticed, but which none has been able to relate in full.

T. C.

Christmas Eve has been fixed for the opening of the International Exhibition of Manufactures, Fine Arts, and Agriculture at Nice.

The Empress of Austria's fête day was generally celebrated on Monday. In the evening an unusual performance took place at the Court Opera House, at Vienna, where all the members of the Imperial family and most of the aristocracy assembled to witness a new ballet called, "The Assassins," written by the Archduke Johann. After a five weeks' adjournment, both Houses of the Hungarian Parliament met on Saturday last.

The fragments of rock dividing the eastern and western galleries of the Arlberg Tunnel were removed on Monday afternoon in presence of the Austrian Minister of Commerce and a distinguished company. Two hours later a special train passed through the tunnel from east to west.

Twenty-eight wild boars and eight stags made up the "bag" made by the Emperor William on Saturday last in the Royal preserves of Springe, near Hanover.—The Crown Prince of Germany started from Berlin last Saturday on his journey to Madrid. He takes with him a small bronze copy of the celebrated statue of the Great Elector as a present for King Alfonso. The Crown Prince arrived in Genoa on Monday morning, and left in the evening for Spain, amid much ceremony. He was enthusiastically greeted by the Italians.—On Tuesday the Prussian Diet was opened, and the Royal Speech, which was read by Herr von Puttkamer, congratulated the country on the favourable character of the financial return of the year, but points to the necessity of permanently increasing the revenue in future. In the Lower House on Wednesday Herr von Koeller was re-elected President, and Dr. Heereman and Herr von Benda were chosen Vice-Presidents by acclamation.

After the performance of "The Bells" on Monday evening Mr. Irving and Miss Terry appeared for the first time in New

York in "The Belle's Stratagem," and, according to the *Daily News* correspondent, obtained a most emphatic success. They were called before the curtain seven times. Mr. Irving goes next to Philadelphia, where the preliminary sale of tickets has been very large.—A despatch in the *Daily Telegraph* states that Mr. Irving, at the request of the New York actors, gave an actors' matinee on Tuesday at the Star Theatre, which was crowded with an altogether exceptional audience, nearly 2000 actors being present. The play performed was "Louis XI.," and Mr. Irving's impersonation of Louis was received with extraordinary enthusiasm.

The City Council of Toronto has decided by a majority of three-fourths to petition the Legislature in favour of granting municipal and Parliamentary franchise to women.

Mail advices received in New York yesterday week from Lima announce an engagement near Ayacucho between a column of Chilian troops and a body of 4000 Indians, during which 700 of the latter were killed.

Mr. Thomas Archer, Agent-General for Queensland, has received an official telegram from the Colony intimating the resignation of Sir Thomas McIlwraith's Government, and the formation of a new one by the Hon. Samuel Walker Griffiths, which is considered a strong one. The new Government is as follows:—The Hon. Samuel Walker Griffiths, Premier, Colonial Secretary, and Secretary for Public Instruction; the Hon. William Miles, Secretary for Works and Mines; the Hon. James Francis Garrick, Postmaster-General and pro tem. Treasurer; the Hon. Charles Dutton, Secretary of Public Lands; the Hon. Arthur Rutledge, Attorney-General; the Hon. Richard Bingham Sheridan, without portfolio.

An aide-de-camp of a Chinese Commander has arrived at Hankow with orders to raise 20,000 volunteers for the forces to be employed against the French. Commanders have been appointed to the Chinese frontier army, with instructions to drive back any of the Black Flags who may be expelled from Tonquin by the French troops.

Mr. Rudolf Lehmann has completed a portrait of Sir Spencer Wells, in his robes as President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

A gift of £5000 is about to be made to the Permanent Provident Fund of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Colliers by the trustees of the Ferndale Explosion Fund.

Her Majesty's ship *Forward*, after undergoing a refit at Sheerness Dockyard at a cost of £11,000, hoisted the pennant on Tuesday morning. She has been commissioned for particular service abroad, and will be under the command of Commander Arthur Furlonger, late of the Britannia.

The Queen has now in flower at the Royal Gardens, Windsor, one of the finest and largest collection of chrysanthemums that has ever been grown there, comprising over four hundred varieties. The plants are arranged in a newly-built conservatory.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 1.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25.

Twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity. Morning Lessons: Eccles., xi. xii. James iv. Evening Lessons: Hagrai. ii. 1-10; or Mal. iii. and iv.; John ix. 1-39. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendaries Leathes; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Gregory; 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Archdeacon Hannah.

MONDAY, Nov. 26.

Princess Maud of Wales born, 1869. London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. S. B. J. Skerthly on Anthropology. Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor Marshall's Demonstrations.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27.

Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, born, 1834. Photographic Society, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. Mr. W. T. Douglass on the New Eddystone Lighthouse.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28.

Alfonso XII., King of Spain, born, 1857. Royal Society of Literature, 8 p.m. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. A. J. R. Trendell on the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29.

Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, elections, Cannon-street Hotel. National Benevolent Institution, annual meeting, noon, at Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street. New moon, 6.54 p.m. Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor A. H. Church on Colours.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30.

Royal Society Anniversary, 4 p.m.; annual dinner. Architectural Association, 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. J. Tarver on the History of Architecture. Royal Hospital for Incurables, annual meeting and elections, Cannon-street Hotel, 11 a.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1.

The Princess of Wales born, 1844. Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show (five days). Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Society of Schoolmasters, 2 p.m.

THE CHURCH.

The Master and Wardens of the Mercers' Company have given £105 to the Clergy Orphan Corporation.

The Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Augustine, Haggerston, acknowledge the receipt of £444 in contributions for the relief of the sufferers by the Haggerston fire.

The old colours of the Dorset Regiment were yesterday week conveyed from Aldershot to Sherborne, and deposited in the Abbey Church.

The Very Rev. Dr. Oakley, Dean of Carlisle, has been appointed to the deanery of Manchester, in the room of Dean Cowie, translated to Exeter.

A donation of fifteen guineas has been sent by the Skinners' Company to the Church of England Central Home for Waifs and Strays.

It has been resolved to erect a monument in St. Paul's to the memory of Sir John Goss, who was organist of the cathedral thirty-four years.

A new cemetery was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford at Stowe on the 8th inst. The land and the buildings upon it were the gift of the Duke of Buckingham.

The Rev. Thomas W. Gibson, Vicar of Stevington, Bedfordshire, formerly one of the Masters of Merchant Taylors' School, has been elected secretary of the Clergy Orphan Corporation, in place of the Rev. J. Russell Stock, who has resigned.

The death is announced of the Rev. Cornelius Ives, for more than sixty years Rector of Bradden, Northamptonshire. Mr. Ives was born in 1793, and was ordained in 1816. His mother was a sister of Bishop Van Mildert, of Durham, the last of the "Prince Bishops."

Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., British Minister to the Court of Norway and Sweden, laid on the 8th inst. the foundation-stone of an English church in Christiania, projected thirty years ago. The funds collected are short by £800 of what is required to cover the proposed expenditure. Subscriptions will be received in England by Messrs. Grindlay and Co., bankers, 55, Parliament-street, London; and Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, and Co., Hull; and in Christiania by Mr. Thomas Michell, C.B., her Majesty's Consul-General for Norway.

While stating that he will have pleasure in attending any church usually attended by Lord Mayors, where a charity sermon is preached, and even to increase the customary contribution, Mr. Fowler has written informing his chaplain that it would be inconsistent with his principles to go in state on such occasions.—The Bishop of London has written to the Lord Mayor thanking him for having declined to attend church in state, and stating that the advantage of observing such a custom does not justify its admitted evils. The Bishop hopes that the Lord Mayor's example may become the rule.

The three-light east window of St. Mary's Church, Andover, has been filled with a striking specimen of Munich stained glass, by Messrs. Mayer and Co. The subject represented is the Faith of the Centurion, Matt. viii. 10. It is a memorial to Lieut.-Colonel John Poore, Royal Marine Artillery, the inscription being engraved on a handsome brass fixed below.—The Church of St. John, Carlisle, has been enriched by a painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street. It is the gift of Dr. Hodgson, and an illustration of the parable of "The Good Samaritan."—A stained-glass Gothic window has been placed in the east end of Queenborough church by Mrs. Downes Wigglesworth, of Mill House, in memory of her former husband, Captain Richard Comyn, who was Town Clerk twenty years, and three times Mayor of the ancient borough. The church is to be restored as soon as sufficient funds can be obtained.—The parish church of Bokesbourne, Canterbury, has been enriched by the filling in of the west window, the gift of Mrs. Gipps, to the memory of her late husband, Mr. George Gipps. The window is a three-light, and illustrates "The Ascension of our Lord." Another window, illustrating the standing figure of the Virgin, has also been put in to the memory of Mary Wardell and Mary Ramsay. The artists were Messrs. Gibbs and Howard, of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.—An engraved memorial brass, mounted on a polished black marble slab, to the memory of the officers and men of the 94th Regiment who fell during the South African campaign, has been placed in the military church at Aldershot. The tablet was executed by Messrs. Cox, Sons, Buckley, and Co., of Southampton-street.—A handsome memorial brass, mounted on dove marble, in memory of the late Professor Rymer Jones, has been placed in King's College Chapel. The work was executed by Mr. T. J. Gawthorpe, of Long-acre.—The Marquis of Londonderry has placed a stained-glass window in Machynlleth church as a memorial to the late Lady Edwards, mother of the Marchioness of Londonderry.—A marble tablet to the memory of Captain Gill, who was murdered by the Bedouins last year, was unveiled on the 15th inst. on the wall of the chapel of Brighton College. General Sir L. Simmons conducted the ceremony. The balance of the fund raised for the memorial has been applied to the foundation of three scholarships at the college for the sons of officers.

Lady Brooke opened the Essex and Chelmsford Dispensary and Infirmary on the 15th inst.

The county court offices will, by order of the Lord Chancellor, be closed on Dec. 24, 26, and 27.

There has been an exhibition of dogs at Dundee, pronounced to be the best ever held in Scotland.

Sir Richard Cross on the 15th inst. distributed, at the Public Hall, Preston, before about 4000 people, the prizes won by the science and art students at the Harris Institute.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Hallam Tennyson, the eldest son of the Poet Laureate, and Miss Audrey Boyle, only daughter of Mr. Charles Boyle.

Sir Archibald Alison has accepted the invitation of the Scottish Corporation to preside at their anniversary festival, in the Freemasons' Tavern, on St. Andrew's Day, next Friday.

The Duke of Devonshire has offered £100 to Crichton National School, Derbyshire, on condition that a school board shall not be established in that place.

Mr. J. J. Hooper has been appointed Judge of the County Court Circuit No. 20 (Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, &c.), vacant by the resignation of Mr. Barrow.

Yesterday week the Council of King's College elected the Rev. Prebendary Wace to the post of Principal of the College, vacant by the preferment of Canon Barry.

An interesting exhibition of art-needlework has been opened at Ipswich in connection with the fine-art club of that town. The committee and Mrs. E. Packard, jun., have laboured successfully in creating one of the best exhibitions of the kind ever seen.

Now that the revived art of etching is so much in favour, the handbook just issued by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, entitled "The Art of Etching Explained and Illustrated," by Mr. H. R. Robertson, will be a welcome addition to the art-students' library. It contains clear directions for etching, and for the kindred processes of dry point, mezzotint, and aquatint.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF		THERMOM.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, rain at 10 a.m., next morning.	
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 p.m.
11	29.745	42.0	35.9	81	7	46.9	36.8
12	29.831	37.3	32.0	83	1	44.9	31.6
13	30.077	37.3	31.3	80	1	45.8	29.4
14	30.144	36.8	32.0	84	6	42.8	31.1
15	29.932	37.1	31.8	83	4	41.8	29.4
16	29.733	44.9	40.8	86	8	49.7	40.6
17	29.664	40.5	37.3	89	7	48.9	31.3

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected

Temperature of Air

Temperature of Evaporation

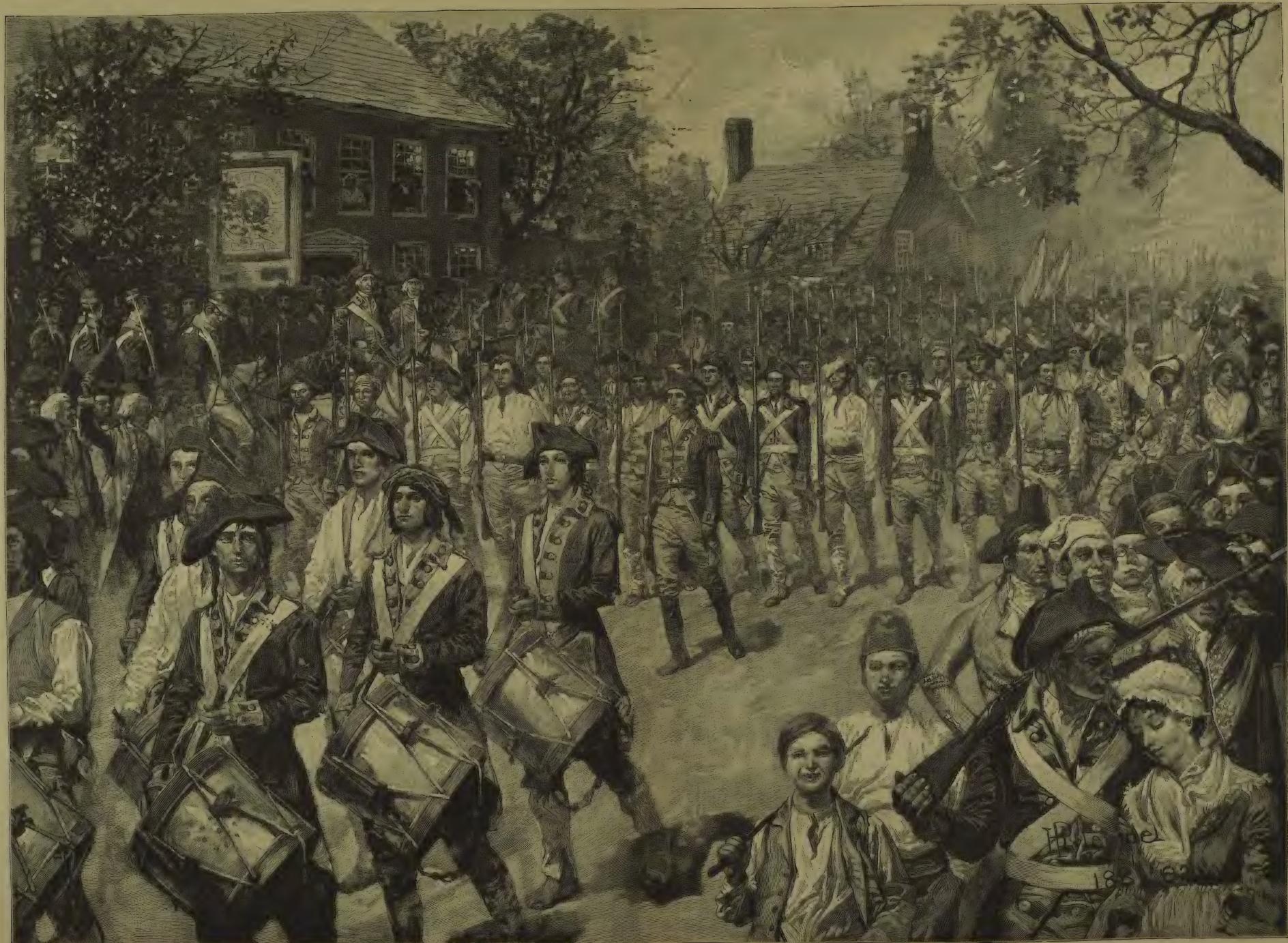
Direction of Wind

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 1, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.

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THE OCCUPATION OF NEW YORK BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS, NOV. 25, 1783.

NEW BOOKS.

Fall justice cannot be done within the limited space at our command to so stupendous a work as *Don John of Austria*: by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. (Longmans). To the sight alone the two volumes have characteristics upon which it would be possible, and at the same time fair and proper, to dwell at the length of a printed column; their majestic size and appearance, their handsome paper and type, their numerous fine and appropriate illustrations, their general air of polish and finish, with their well-stored explanatory appendix and their useful index, would require, if opportunity could be seized, something far beyond passing notification and acknowledgment. As regards the illustrations, however, they must not be dismissed without a statement of their large number and of the special interest which belongs to some of them: they are, head-pieces, tail-pieces, and pictorial initial letters, all included, one hundred and eighty-seven, according to a rough calculation, and among them are many, very many likenesses of Don John, whereby an idea may be formed of what the victor of Lepanto (which was his proud title) was to look upon "at every stage from his early boyhood onwards in his short career." And, besides the portraits of Don John and some of his contemporaries, there are engravings "illustrating the armour, weapons, art-workmanship, medals, the naval and military equipments, the galleys, frigates, and ships of the sixteenth century." As for the literary contents, there can be no need to insist upon the historic importance and romantic charm of the period commencing with the last years of the insatiable Emperor Charles the Fifth and ending with the death, whether by poison or not, in the flower of his age, of Philip the Second's gallant half-brother, illegitimate but recognised. And as for the labour bestowed upon those literary contents, the author, who was not destined to live long enough to see the publication of this magnificent monument of his learning, patience, industry, and love of his subject, was occupied with them for a series of years amounting to the sum of a whole generation; and they have been prepared for the use, information, delight, and admiration of the public, with the strictest care and the most jealous regard for the author's wishes by Mr. George W. Cox. And yet such a book, which cost such an infinity of pains, must have but a few brief sentences assigned to the consideration of it. There is room, however, to tell how the author, by diligent search among the treasures of his own library, which is said to have been second to no other possessed by any private person in Europe for its collection of Spanish literature, and by investigation among the public archives of various countries, was enabled to throw light upon points which had hitherto remained in darkness, and to clear up obscurities of history and biography. Let us take, for example, the case of Don John of Austria himself; he has been the hero of numerous biographies, narratives, poems, and treatises, and yet it is doubtful whether until now the true facts concerning his parentage, the date of his birth, his real name, the mode of his recognition, and other very interesting details, were ever satisfactorily, as satisfactorily as any such things can be, established. It may now be considered pretty certain that Don John was born in 1547 and not, as had been commonly asserted up to the last few years, in 1545; that his name was not originally John, but Jerome, or that he originally had both names, of which the latter was invariably used in his childhood, and dropped from that memorable day in his youth when he was publicly recognised by his half-brother Philip the Second; that his mother was not, as she is sometimes stated to have been, of "princely" degree, but was of a verity that Barbara Blomberg, who was "daughter of a noble family at Ratisbon," and who afterwards became "the widow Kegel," and made herself very troublesome to the Duke of Alba, the Governor of the Netherlands; and that Don John was recognised by Philip the Second not from any unwonted impulse of spontaneous generosity on the part of that cold and treacherous tyrant, from whose domination England was mercifully preserved, but because Charles the Fifth, in a sort of informal codicil, had left strict injunctions to that effect. One whole chapter is set aside for a dissertation upon "the military marine of the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century, maintained under conditions from which every year further removes the armaments of our own time." The subject naturally arises out of the biography of Don John, who began his career as a naval commander; and the chapter in which this subject is handled, the fourth of the first volume, with its notes and its illustrations, is one of the most attractive and most absorbing of all the chapters. The work, indeed, is altogether magnificent, and on a magnificent scale, and magnificent is the treat it affords both to the eye and to the understanding.

A pleasant, lively, readable book, full of gossip, is *Down South*: by Lady Duffus Hardy (Chapman and Hall), which can be run through without trouble; though it is, for all the shortness of its single volume and all the largeness of its type, a little of the spun out kind. For instance, the writer, being about to embark upon a steamer called the City of Rome for a voyage across the Atlantic, takes the opportunity of introducing a page of "tall talk" about the city thronged upon the seven hills, which has about as much to do with the matter in hand as with the new theory concerning "bacilli" and the cholera. However, the lady soon settles down to her proper work, and, almost before we have finished a dozen pages, we are in Richmond, U.S., sitting in a delightful room "opposite the gardens of the Capitol, where the squirrels are so numerous and so tame that they will come jumping across the road to your windows to be fed, take nuts from your hand, and sit demurely by your side and crack them." Anon we leave the sociable squirrels, and "after much loitering and keen enjoyment of the wilder beauties of Virginia, we start on our way for Charleston," which we are kindly and considerately informed is "one of the oldest historic cities in America"; then we reach Savannah; in due course we arrive at Jacksonville, we visit Ocali, we gaze upon "the weird wonders of the Ocklawaha," we admire the picturesque scenery of St. John's river, we return to Jacksonville, we set out for New Orleans, the "Paris of the South," we "move on" to Atlanta, inseparable from memories of General Sherman and his famous march; and ultimately we pull up in Columbia. Everybody, in these days, has been to the United States, and over them, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; everybody else—a more numerous body, perhaps, than the other—will be glad to read the lady's account of her journey. She has somewhat to say about what she aptly calls the American "word-of-all-work," which is "fix"; but she does not seem to have heard of a very peculiar use of it among persons connected with the American "turf." They could tell her what is meant by saying that a race-horse has been "fixed." A "Britisher" would say "nobbled."

The London School Board now possesses seventy-four acres of open space, used chiefly as playgrounds. Three deputations waited upon the Board on the 15th inst. to urge that more general use may be made of these playgrounds by erecting gymnasiums, and throwing them open for amusement and physical training.

THE COURT.

The Queen's departure from the Highlands, which was arranged to take place yesterday week, was at a late moment deferred. Her Majesty's health has much improved within the last two months, but she is yet unable to take long walks or to stand but for a short time. The Glassalt Shiel has again been visited by the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, who lunched at the Royal Lodge. The Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campbell have received a visit from her Majesty at Crathie Manse, and they have also lunched at Balmoral. Mr. A. B. Mitford has been staying at the castle, and has been among the Queen's dinner guests. Divine service was performed at Balmoral on Sunday, her Majesty and the Princesses attending. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. On Tuesday the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, left for the south. The weather was cold, Lochnagar and the lower hills being thickly coated with snow. The usual guard of honour received the Royal travellers at Ballater, whence the journey was made by special train. At Aberdeen, hearty cheers greeted her Majesty. Dinner was partaken of in the station committee-rooms at Perth, the tables being beautifully adorned with orchids, a basket of which Princess Beatrice accepted. The journey was afterwards resumed, and Windsor reached on Wednesday morning. This day was the forty-third anniversary of the Crown Princess of Prussia's birthday, which was duly honoured.

The Prince of Wales, after having had excellent sport over Lord Fife's preserves in Banff, as well as being feted at Duff House, left last Saturday for the south, the towns of Macduff and Banff turning out to give him a farewell greeting. His Royal Highness arrived at Marlborough House on Sunday morning, and visited the Crown Prince of Portugal at Claridge's in the afternoon. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Philip of Coburg, left town on Monday for Eastwell Park, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who have entertained a large shooting party during the week, a small dance having been given at Eastwell on Wednesday night. The Princess, with her daughters, who continue at Sandringham, attended Divine service on Sunday at the parish church, the Rector officiating.

The Duke of Albany presided at a meeting of the committee of the Royal Tapestry Works, held at Claremont Palace, Esher, last Saturday.

The Crown Prince of Portugal, who returned to Claridge's Hotel last Saturday from a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell, attended Divine service on Sunday as the Spanish Chapel, Spanish-place, Manchester-square. His Royal Highness has continued his inspection of the varied places of interest in the metropolis, and visited several theatres. On Wednesday he went to Aldershot.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Bombay on Wednesday afternoon on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Cathay. They met with a cordial reception, an immense concourse of people being present.

The Marquis of Lorne will read a paper on "Our Relations with Canada and Great Colonies," at the meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, to be held at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Dec. 11; and a paper on "Canada and its Resources," before the Society of Arts, on Dec. 19.

Festivities commenced at Henham Hall, Suffolk, on Monday, on the coming of age of Viscount Dunwich, the eldest son of the Earl of Stradbroke. Addresses were presented by the county magistrates and other public bodies, and dinners given to the Southwold Volunteers, the tenants of the estate, and 500 labourers. Other entertainments have since been given.

A marriage is arranged between the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, and the Lady Katharine Lambton, second daughter of the late Earl of Durham, and sister of the present peer.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT CROYDON.

The ancient town of Croydon, which has but very recently obtained the honours of a municipal corporation, entertained a Royal visitor on Tuesday week, an incident which had not occurred in Croydon for two centuries past. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh came thither to lay the memorial-stone of the new north wing of the Croydon General Hospital. He was received at the West Croydon railway station a little before noon, by the Mayor of Croydon, Mr. J. Spencer Balfour, M.P., and the members and officers of the Corporation, accompanied by Lord Monson; Mr. Grantham, M.P.; Mr. Watney, M.P.; Sir R. H. Wyatt, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, and the Reception Committee. There was a procession, with an escort of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, and a guard of honour of the 1st Surrey Volunteers, to Wellesley House, the residence of the Mayor. The whole route was decorated with Venetian masts, bearing shields and trophies, while flags were suspended across the streets, and handsome triumphal arches, composed of laurels and evergreens, stood at the corners of Station-street and George-street, and at the Literary and Scientific Institution. At the Mayor's house, an address of welcome to the Duke of Edinburgh was read by the Town Clerk, Mr. C. M. Elbrough, to which his Royal Highness responded. The procession then again set forth, along Wellesley-road, Park-lane, and Katherine-street, where four thousand children of the Board Schools sang the National Anthem, and the Chairman of the School Board presented an address. Having reached the General Hospital, in the grounds of which a pavilion had been erected for the ceremonial assembly, his Royal Highness there met the Bishop of Dover, the Vicar of Croydon (Rev. J. M. Braithwaite), Mr. Edridge, chairman, and other members of the Hospital Committee. The Rev. J. Spurgeon read their address, and a financial report was made by Colonel Robinson, the honorary treasurer. An appropriate prayer was offered by the Bishop of Dover, and the surpliced choir sang an anthem. The Duke of Edinburgh then took a silver trowel, and laid the stone in the customary manner. The new building is to be called the Royal Alfred Ward. His Royal Highness was afterwards entertained, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and a large company, at luncheon in the hall of the Whitgift Grammar School. The Mayor of Croydon presided at table, and the Duke of Edinburgh made a second speech, expressing his goodwill to the hospital and to the town, and saying that all the Royal family, with the Queen, have the same feeling.

M. De Lesseps is continuing his round of visits amongst the Chambers of Commerce of this country, apparently as much to the satisfaction of the shipowners and merchants he meets as to his own.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts distributed prizes to the Westminster pupil teachers at the National Society's Depot last Saturday. Referring to the complaints of overwork at school, her Ladyship expressed an opinion that the minds of the children were crammed rather than fed, while at the same time disapproving of the proposed restrictions on the teaching of needlework and drawing.

Our Extra Supplement.

THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF NEW YORK.

On the 25th day of November, in the year 1783, the military forces of the United States of America, then styled "the Continental Army," took possession of the city of New York. That city, now one of the greatest in the world, the commercial emporium of one of the greatest nations in the world, was then a small colonial town at the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, deserted by nearly all its former inhabitants, who had numbered thirty thousand before the War of Independence. It had been held, during seven years from September, 1776, by the British Army, partly consisting of German soldiery, using New York as head-quarters and base of operations in the long, obstinate, losing military struggle, which terminated in defeat and surrender, at Yorktown, Virginia, in October 1781, followed by the abandonment of North and South Carolina in the ensuing year. Peace was finally agreed to in 1783, and was proclaimed by General Washington to his army on April 19; but nearly six months elapsed before the arrangements could be completed for the total withdrawal of the British forces, while many thousand families, choosing to be still under British Government, emigrated to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and some returned to England. The British garrison then in New York, under the command of General Sir Guy Carleton, numbered a little over six thousand, half English, half Germans, of the Hanoverian and Hessian contingents; and was supported by the fleet under Rear-Admiral Digby, holding also the neighbouring shores of Long Island, Staten Island, and part of the New Jersey coast; but it was closely beleaguered, on the land side, by the "Continental" army under General Greene, joined latterly by Washington at Newburgh. It is curious to observe that Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and King William IV., as a midshipman of the Royal Navy visited New York two years before the close of the war.

The fortifications of the town, hastily constructed by the Americans for their defence in 1776, but since then repaired and completed by the British, stretched across Manhattan Island from the "East River," the strait which divides New York from Brooklyn, to the Hudson River. Those who know the modern city, with the two main streets, Broadway and the Bowery, in its central quarter, may remember that these are intersected, at right angles, by Grand-street, which runs down to the East River. A line drawn across the island from Hoboken Ferry to Corlear's Hook, nearly coinciding with Grand-street, would about include the limits of New York, as fortified during the war a hundred years ago. There was a strong fort on Jones' Hill, overlooking the East River opposite the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and in the middle of the line, west of the Bowery, near the present intersection of Grand-street with Mulberry-street, there was an important redoubt, which had been named "Bunker Hill," in honour of the fight on Bunker Hill near Boston. The Bowery was, in those days, the principal entrance to the city from the adjacent country; and it was by this road that the American troops marched in from West Point, a few hours after Sir Guy Carleton and his troops had embarked on board Admiral Digby's fleet.

We refer to an interesting article in *Harper's Monthly* for November, written by Mr. H. P. Johnston, which gives minute particulars of the whole transaction, illustrated by many woodcuts from old engravings, views of buildings, portraits, and maps of the ground. The accounts of this affair to be found in general histories of the United States are meagre and scanty. The centenary of the event occurs on Sunday, the 25th inst., and will be celebrated one day in next week, being regarded by the citizens as that of "their escape from colonial thralldom, and their commercial as well as political emancipation;" but we are so far from bearing any British grudge against them that we now present an illustration of it in our Extra Supplement. It must be explained that Washington, who was not elected President of the United States till 1789, nevertheless preferred to appear in a civil capacity upon this occasion. Instead of entering at the head of his troops, he rode in afterwards, side by side with Governor Clinton, of New York State, and followed by the members of the Council and Assembly, and other citizens. That illustrious patriot, therefore, does not appear among the figures shown in our Engraving. The military detachment to occupy New York was under the command of Brigadier-General Henry Jackson, of Boston, with Major-General Henry Knox representing the Commander-in-Chief. It mustered in all about eight hundred men, being two Massachusetts infantry regiments, under Colonel Joseph Vose and Colonel Hull, two companies of New York Artillery, under Major Sebastian Baumann, and a troop of militia dragoons, under Captain John Stakes, of New York. The bulk of the "Continental Army" had in fact already been disbanded, and the sturdy colonists, after winning their national independence, had returned to their homes and their farms. This small body of troops, hailed by the joyful acclamations of the New York people, marched down the Old Bowery into Chatham-street, then turned down Pearl-street to Wall-street, by which they reached Broadway, and passed down its lower part to the Bowling Green, where Fort George then stood, adjacent to the Battery and Castle Garden. Having awaited the arrival of the civil procession, with Washington and Governor Clinton, they took possession of the fort, and there hoisted the American flag, in full sight of the British soldiers and sailors lying in the harbour; and they fired a salute of thirteen guns from the captured British artillery. This was the formal conclusion of the American War of Independence; and neither Great Britain nor America is the worse for it at the present day.

RELICS OF THE VIKING'S TOMB.

Our last week's Paper contained some illustrations of the interesting discovery at Taplow, near Maidenhead, of the tomb of a Norse maritime chieftain or "Viking," whose vessels and warlike crew seem to have come so far up the Thames at some early period of the Saxon reign in this part of England. Mr. James Rutland, of Taplow, honorary secretary to the Berks Archaeological Society, with the co-operation of the Lord of the Manor and the Rector of the parish, has recently excavated the large mound or "barrow," which is close to the manor-house and on the site of the old church removed some years ago. There are no remains of a human body, which must have entirely decayed and become mere dust in the course of about thirteen centuries, probably, since it was deposited there. But the Viking's shield, plated with bronze, his iron sword, knife, and spear, part of the golden fringe of his tunic, a large golden brooch and two smaller ones, likewise of gold, with elaborate ornamentation of Scandinavian pattern, bracelets of bronze, silver-mounted, drinking-horns, mounted with the same materials, wooden beer-cups, with silver rims and fragments of several glass vases, were found so arranged as to prove that they must have been carefully placed in the tomb with his corpse, which was



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO CROYDON.

1. Flint Implements.
2. Bone Implements.3. Bones probably used for playing a game (22 in number).
4. Silver-Mounted Drinking-Horn.5. British Pottery.
6. Bronze Vessel.
7. Glass Vase.8. Silver Rim of Cup.
9. Umbo of Shield.10. Spear.
11. Sword.

RELIQUES FOUND IN THE VIKING'S TOMB AT TAPLOW (SECOND SERIES).

apparently fully attired in the richest costume and jewels worn by him during his life. The remnants of a large wooden bucket lined with bronze, which may have served him for washing, were also found with the shield, and two smaller buckets. The barrow contained pieces of bones and teeth of various animals, supposed to be the remains of game killed by a hunter, and some "flint implements" of a primitive type; but these may have lain in the earth from a much earlier prehistoric time. There are fragments also of Samian pottery, which was common in Roman Britain. A silver armlet and

a gold wristband, a bit of the gold-embroidered fringe of the tunic, the large brooch, four inches long, and one of the two smaller brooches or buckles of the belt, with bronze bosses of the shield, and portions of the bucket and of the drinking-horns, were represented in our Engravings last week. Among the articles shown in our second series of Illustrations are the broken sword and spear of the Viking, the "umbo" of his shield, the fine drinking-horn, with its silver-gilt mounting, a vessel of bronze and one of glass (with their proper form restored), and pieces of the silver rims of the drinking-cups;

besides some of the bits of ancient pottery, flint, and bone, which may be of less antiquarian value. Mr. Rutland observes that, in the middle of the sixth century, Cuthwulf, son of Cynric, King of the West Saxons, conquered the country which is now the shires of Berks, Oxford, and Bucks, and the great battle of Bedford was fought in 571. It is a plausible conjecture, that this warfare gave the Viking an opportunity to advance up the Thames as far as Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, so that he may have died in the neighbourhood of Taplow, where his followers laid him in the tomb.

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MR. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY
in AMERICA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the aspect of last night's house it may fairly be concluded that it is in the Shakespearean drama the public is most anxious to see Mr. Irving. An audience larger in number, more distinguished of appearance, or more liberal of applause never gathered within the walls of this theatre. It was a double triumph that Mr. Irving won last night. He was hailed not as an able and original interpreter of Shakespeare, but also as an artist who, in the capacity of stage-manager, has never been approached in this country. Indeed, nothing more admirable than the stage arrangements in this play can well be conceived. The music also, the eloquence of the costumes, the picture-queerness of the groupings or the beauty of the scenery which makes of this production a triumph of stage art, as the taste, the direction, the poetic tact with which these are applied. Never at any moment in there that excess of stage illustration which in other cases has 'shown itself' the play; but all the stage adjuncts above mentioned co-operate to give an air of verisimilitude to the whole, to localise the story, and to provide an effective background to the principal actors. Of Mr. Irving's conception of Shylock it may be said at once that the Shakespearean student will admit that it is the best. The critic will be compelled to say that it is not the best. All the peculiarities of diction and of gait which often mar this artist's work in other characters were completely lost sight of in the genius which irradiated his efforts last night. His Shylock, though bearing all the outward attributes which unashamedly marked such men of his race, is nevertheless invested with a dignity that is truly ideal. At first he evidently conceives Shylock as a representative of a race which generation after generation has been cruelly used, insulted, execrated. It is an hereditary hate, but to this, as the play progresses, are added individual wrongs that make him inexorable and fiendish. If any one scene can be pointed out as especially fine in a work that was remarkable for its symmetry, it was in the scene in the Tub, when the perfect tempest of passion and of perfect tempest of suspense that carried all before it. Hardly less successful than Mr. Irving, in the opinion of the audience at least, was the Portia of Miss Terry. In appearance she was all that poet or painter has pictured Portia, reminding us as she did of those stately medieval dames whom Paul Veronese loved to paint. In the lighter moments she was full of charm, grace, and sparkle. There was an abundance of charm in her acting, and with this she thoroughly fascinated her audience. —*New York Herald.*

Last night at the Star Theatre our public had an opportunity of seeing what Mr. Irving has done with this good old play, in his London Lyceum revival of it, which is now reproduced in New York. To our taste and judgment his work cannot be held as right in spirit, but it is bold, and magnificent in execution. All the scenery that Mr. Irving has displayed here should be mentioned as remarkable for harmony of composition and for a dark and rich mellowess of colour, highly tributary to illusion, and very pleasing to the eyes. For 'The Merchant of Venice' several of the sets, of course, are bright and gay; but, as Ithaca, the more dusky and sombre pictures proved the more effective. Mr. Irving presents a good Shylock. His ideal is right, and his execution is full of subtle touches of art. His mental grasp of the part is perfect. His expression of austerity, of vindictive malignity, of theullen retribution that broods over long-heeded wrongs, was wonderfully fine—backed by great weight of intellect and by fierce, hot-blooded, inveterate purpose. His denunciation of Shylock's domestic afflictions, where he is equally profound, paeanitic, and pathetic, was equal to the thrilling speech of the Jew in 'The Merchant of Venice' over his fugitive daughter, and the heart-broken words about Leah and the turquois ring. His usage, in each performance, is to stud the work with indications of the physical as well as the mental peculiarities of the man whom he has undertaken to embody. King Louis's trick of stroking his withered cheeks with the ends of his fingers is an example of this sort of embellishment. It is the province of an actor to give a body to the soul which an author has created and put upon paper, and this mechanism is Mr. Irving's recognition of that province. He may readily carry this embellishment to excess, and we are inclined to think that he often does, especially in the poetic drama. His Shylock was profusely tinted in this way, and thereby made a little prosy. Indeed, we think, ought always to be shown in the interest of poetry and never in the light of common life. In the street scene he brought up his controlled intensity of passion, but was a painful tragedy. He reached his summit and cloued in. 'No tears but of my shedding,' and afterwards in the cold, determined, hideous cruelty of purpose that animates Shylock in the trial scene. His come, prepared, was spoken with superb effect. Such single achievements as these flash backward and irradiate a whole performance with the lustre of mind, just as the heat-lightning illuminates a summer evening sky. By these the observer looks into an actor's thought and discerns what is known and meant by him. His exit from the trial scene, in its grand Hebrew dignity, was an apex of perfect pathos. The great audience made the house resound here with its spontaneous applause, and would have recalled him upon the scene, but, very wisely, he would not return. The public gain in this representation consists in having a better and more perfect act in every one of its characters. The chief honours of the performance were accorded, and rightly accorded, to Miss Ellen Terry, as Portia. The comedy of this actress is delicious. Her voice is perfect music. Her clear, bell-like elocution is more than a refreshment—it is a luxury. Her simple manner, always large and adequate, with nothing pury or finching about it, is one of the greatest beauties of the art which it so fitly complements. Her embodiment of a woman's loveliness, such as, in Portia, should be at once stately and fascinating, and inspire at once respect and passion, was felicitous beyond the reach of descriptive phrases. Her delivery of the Mercy speech was one of the few perfectly modulated and entirely beautiful pieces of eloquence that will dwell for ever in memory. Her sweet and sparkling play, in the 'business' about the ring, and in her exit can only be called exquisite. Better comedy has not in our time been seen. Her bearing with an air, and Miss Terry had many and deservedly brilliant scenes. Her Portia was the perfect success of this occasion. —*The Tribune.*

Mr. Irving proceeds from one great impersonation to another in an ascending scale. His Mathias is surpassed in interest by his stately Charles and astute Ruy from each other, so was his Louis apart from both. In Shylock last evening he offered his fourth, and so far, the greatest of his achievements on our stage—a picture of Shylock's Jew wholly apart and distinct from any other that our fare has known, a complete and wondrous creation, treated with the utmost simplicity, free from the embroidery of subtle readings, new turns of action and far-fetched devices, teaching us no new aspect of Shylock, but presenting as bold, as strong, and as original a characterization as the imagination can well conceive. He is a true Levantine, not a bearded, hairy, and intellectual, with the top-hat and monocle beak above; the face hollow, deep-creased with care, and covered with thin, uneven beard; and the dark, sidelong eyes, far back beneath heavy brows—full of passion and eloquence of the profoundest depths of thought. It is a most interesting and picturesque figure in his poor gaudy, cowering in his deformities the baws and contumacy of Christians, but grand in his pride of his race, his singleness of purpose, and the fine tumult of his rage and resentment. From every point of view Mr. Irving's performance was most triumphant, but equally to be considered with it was the Portia of the evening, than whom a more joyous, graceful, and wholly charming figure has not in a long time entered upon our boards. Miss Terry was delightful; her vivacity of movement, her equeness of gesture, and the life and spirit of her delivery fascinated all her hearers, and made her a perfect sympathy. It was one of the most interesting and instructive performances we have seen. —*The Standard.*

"Mr. Irving's Shylock was another admirable study—well rounded, carefully wrought in consonance with the great master's idea. The actor did not pedantically impinge any of his own views or phantasies to the character portrait often to the text and Shakespeare's intention. He rather buried himself in the intent, swathed himself with the garments, idiosyncrasies, and fancies of the Jew, and did his best to embody and present them to the public. How thoroughly was this work done! The hate for the Christian, the detestation of his methods of doing business, the all-absorbing sense of wrongs to the Hebrew race, the cupidity of excessive thrift, fraternal love distorted by sordid tyranny and the Oriental thirst for vengeance were painted in vivid and positive colours. One sympathised with the Jew, and one pitied him. The audience was deeply moved, and the curtain fell with a sigh of relief. —*The Sun.*

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"The audience at the star Theatre last evening heard and witnessed perhaps the most interesting performance of 'The Merchant of Venice' that has ever been given in New York. If Mr. Irving were a much less noteworthy actor than he is, such a presentation as that of 'The Merchant of Venice' would nevertheless demand grateful acknowledgments. —*New York Tribune.*

"If Mr. Henry Irving had done nothing else in this city except to produce 'The Merchant of Venice,' which he presented in the Star Theatre last evening, he would deserve the thanks of the community for showing how a Shakespearean play ought to be performed. The gratification of the audience, which filled the house to overflowing, was manifested in repeated outbursts of applause, and in the sustained interest which accompanied the proceedings upon the stage until the final descent of the curtain. This one performance is enough to prove Mr. Irving one of the greatest theatrical managers of modern times, a man possessed of ripe scholarship, exquisite artistic sense, and unerring eye for pictorial and dramatic effect. His spirit of most wise and beautiful literary art. Mr. Irving shows how easily when he chooses to do so, he can produce a great dramatic effect in the simplest and most legitimate way. Nothing could be more striking than the dewy self-possession with which he reiterates his determination to exact the full forfeit of his bond, or the cynical indifference with which he listens to the pleadings of Portia. When the judgment of the pretended Bellario is finally pronounced, he ignores every traditional half-wit by long usage, and stands motionless, as if paralysed by the shock of his defeat. His acting was of the highest order. His assumption of hopeless and forlorn misery was extremely fine, and his final exit had a pathos and dignity which excited positive enthusiasm. The Portia of Miss Ellen Terry was the best seen here for many years. The actress caught the exact spirit of the scene, and played in the most brilliant manner. In the trial scene she read the famous 'mercy' speech with exquisite emphasis and feeling, and her assumption of manhood was conceived in the truest and most dramatic effect. It may almost be said that she presented the actual

Portia whom Shakespeare drew—a most winning figure of successful womanhood, full of spirit, tenderness, and grace. Her success with the audience was immediate, and her reputation in England was no longer a matter for wonderment. The general impression seemed to be that 'The Merchant of Venice' had never been acted in New York before." —*Evening Post.*

MR. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY
in AMERICA.

"LOUIS XI."

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

"Mr. Irving scored a greater success in 'Louis XI.' than he has yet yet done in this city. It was expected that the performance would be a novelty, but it was not, but some added prophecies as were offered in advance of the play, that the curtain were to the effect that in Mathias and Charles the First he had found his strongest characters. But before he had been upon the stage ten minutes he had completely upset all these forecasts, and when the act curtain had fallen he was summoned before the house with such almost noisy demonstrations as proved beyond doubt that he had completely won his audience. There was but one opinion when the performance was over, and this found expression in the words of old theatre-goers, who have a great deal of praise of Mr. Irving on the first night. 'A great performance,' said one, 'I have seen an actor accomplish in this part; the best thing I have heard of in a long time.' 'It was a great performance, undoubtedly.' 'Mr. Irving identified himself thoroughly with the part, sinking his personality so completely that the actor was entirely lost sight of. He exhibited extraordinary power in displaying the subtle differences in the King's moods, comprehending and bringing out with rare skill the various phases of his character—the hard, cruel disposition of the man, the crafty cunning of his nature, his devilish and grotesque humour, his religious hypocrisy. And though these were so clearly shown as to be unpleasant to contemplate in their extreme nativeness, they compelled the audience to like them. The art which enabled the actor to so ably delineate them. In the great scenes of the play—the interview with Nemours and the ghastly death scene—Mr. Irving rose to grand heights." —*New York Herald.*

"Last night Mr. Irving appeared as Louis XI., and was welcomed by one of the most brilliant and appreciative assemblies of the year. His fame is great in this particular part, and it soon became evident that his fame is deserved. It was one of those exceptional performances that may justly be called great. It was appealing in its truth and in its power. It would appear to be Mr. Irving's method, first to conceive and assume the temperament of a character and then to allow the various attributes of that character to crystallise around that temperament and take form in the character. The temperament of Louis XI. is that of Louis XI. as that of humorous, grim, and bitter-sadness, and with this he coloured every attribute of the part. This course—warranted no less by knowledge of human nature than by the facts of history—is both wise in policy and subtle in art; for by this means the character is elevated, and brought within the range of human feeling—a feeling difficult to define, but one that would pity it if it dared. The attributes of Louis XI. are authority, suspicion, craft, jealousy, bigotry, cold intellect, sardonic pleasure, and superstitious fear. He can likewise act with malignity, ferocity, and fury. These qualities, however, are blent with imperial dignity, a beautiful and polished speciousness, consummate worldly tact, and the strictest, factually exacting, and uncompromising. He displays the qualities of a character more commanding, or one less susceptible of the entire estimation of even a fearful fascination. The actor who can cast a halo of romance over such a baseful compound as this must possess in a high degree, both imagination and passionate sensibility. Mr. Irving has not failed to consider that Louis XI. is 'born in the purple'; that he has long exercised the habit of command; that he is old and ill; that his mind is haunted, harassed, and terrified by superstition; that his memory is loaded with horrors, and his conscience corroded with remorse; and, though malign and terrible, yet he is, nevertheless, a king and a man. These things he makes to be felt, and by means of these he lifts the character and invests it with an atmosphere of awe. You are not drawn towards him, indeed, by the compassion that his author inspites, at two or three hours of the wretched performance of Mathias. The voice of Mr. Irving, when as Mathias, he recognises a piece of the Jew's cold and marmur (with such a world of bleak anguish). 'Not for them I for me, for me!' will not, surely, soon be forgotten by those who once have heard it. The utter misery of this forlorn wretch, when, in his lonely chamber at midnight, and half stupefied with wine, he tries to dance and to sing a gay song, keeping time to the dying music of distant revellers, was a sight too sad for tears. So, too, in the court-room, the desperate and broken man's mechanical restoration of his single-poor and useless defence! 'A dream! a dream! a dream a dream!'—had an effect of dramatic irony most appalling and lamentable. These effects, when we look back upon them, seem even finer than they did when they were passing. There are no such living moments as these in the performance of Louis XI. Yet, in regarding the spiritual fascination and personal wretchedness of this King, in association with his prodigious abilities, his humour, his vice, and his grand self-posse in the wide and turbulent political arena on which he plays his part, the actor has most adroitly contrived to give to him a sad and lonely as well as a hideous magnificence; so that, while he never ceases to be dreadful, he never ceases to charm. The execution matches the ideal. The part is full of abrupt transitions—from weakness to strength; from fear to frenzy; from deadly, impulsive resolution to pion and contrite humility; from the easy mood of hypocritical humour to the sudden, hideous joy of triumphant malice; and this long fever of craft and wickedness and pain is rounded off with a frightened and frightful death. All along the line of the part, accidentally, are effected some opportunities which afford a variety of more complex methods, and especially for that picturesque mystery of manner which the author of 'Louis XI.' has given to the character. The wavy face, the dark and sunken eyes, the thick, black eyebrows, the lowering, evanescent smile, the rapid yet stealthy movements—all these characteristics of King Louis. Mr. Irving has caught, to absolute perfection, His Royal Highness—precisely as it was in 'Charles I.',—and though this is a monarch who cares little for the mere shows of sovereignity, and can unbend and be familiar and even jocose, for a purpose, he remains a monarch, in every instant of his being, by virtue of that indefinable but undeniably majestic quality of character which makes certain men the superiors of their race. The courage of Raphael, who could paint black iron bars across his beautiful group of the Angel reversing St. Peter from Prison, did not surpass that of Mr. Irving, in his attempt to possess vital and human complexion and especially for that picturesque mystery of manner which the author of 'Louis XI.' has given to the character. The wan face, the dark and sunken eyes, the thick, black eyebrows, the lowering, evanescent smile, the rapid yet stealthy movements—all these characteristics of King Louis. Mr. Irving has caught, to absolute perfection, His Royal Highness—precisely as it was in 'Charles I.',—and though this is a monarch who cares little for the mere shows of sovereignity, and can unbend and be familiar and even jocose, for a purpose, he remains a monarch, in every instant of his being, by virtue of that indefinable but undeniably majestic quality of character which makes certain men the superiors of their race. 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They spoke to one another in hoarse whispers, and seemed to be on intimate terms.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.
JEANNETTE CONFESSES.

JEANNETTE'S attendance upon little Willie since her illness had been almost incessant. She was not one of those domestics who grudge their extra service in time of trouble; and, on the other hand, Sophy was not one of those mistresses who treat their servants as though

they were machines. Though hardly ever leaving her own threshold, she insisted that Jeannette should take a certain amount of open air exercise every day, and that this should take as much as possible the form of relaxation. When a note came from Henny, shortly after Stevie's visit, inviting Jeannette to take tea with her maid that afternoon, Sophy was very glad of the opportunity of giving her the treat. She would be left alone with little Willie for an hour or so, which was a greater satisfaction to her

than ever. Strange as it may seem, she had, in a fashion, communicated to the child the terrible news she had received from Henny. To make her really understand what had happened with respect to the Canon was, of course, impossible, but she had impressed her with the fact that a grievous wrong had been committed against this best of friends and benefactors, and that if it should ever lie in her power to make amends for it, her first duty, in the eyes of God and man, would be to do so. It was a foolish thing enough to tell a child, but then poor Sophy was not wise. Moreover, she had no one else to whom she could pour out her passionate sorrow and remorse for what had happened save this little confidante, who saw her mother's tears not as another child might have done, with mere wonder and awe, but with the keenest desire to stanch them, and with intense interest in their cause. Though she had spoken of her father to Stevie, she had never spoken of him to her mother; it was a topic that neither of them discussed, but upon which they were tacitly agreed. Sophy did not even tell the child who was the actual wrongdoer in the Canon's case; and from what seemed happy instinct, but which in reality was reticence born of premature sagacity, little Willie forebore for once to question her upon the point.

While this loving couple were exchanging their confidences that afternoon, they little guessed how deeply they were occupying the thoughts of a certain friend of theirs, who, if he had made no sign of late of the interest he had in them, had by no means forgotten them. He had his own affairs and the affairs of many clients to think about, for he was a very rising young solicitor; but ever and anon, when tidings reached him of Mr. John Adair's "goings on" (which they indirectly did) in the City and elsewhere, he was wont to swear softly to himself, and make remarks of the following description:—"You have stolen my client's money, you scoundrel, in spite of my teeth—and lost it. You are stealing other people's money (but that's *their* look out), and losing *that*. As you get deeper and deeper into the mire, you take it out of that unfortunate little wife of yours for every failure of your thievish plans; the more desperate are your circumstances, the more miserable you are resolved, it seems, that she shall be. Even the innocent child whom you have made a thief by proxy has suffered from your meanness, and—well, some day or another you shall pay for all this, as sure as my name is Frederic Irton."

Irton's character was not Quixotic (or he could never have been "rising" in his profession), but he was swayed, as most men are, despite much twaddle talked to the contrary, by other motives besides self-interest. Though he had loyally defended the action of "the Court" against the Canon, he had felt that his client's case was a hard one, and his very respect for his own calling made him exceedingly resent its powers having been made use of to enforce a wrong. His wife, who had great influence over him, had communicated to him her own impressions of the tyranny that prevailed in Albany-street. Despite his calling, he had not so much patience with cruelty and meanness as lawyers generally exhibit (not because they are deficient in feeling, but because they think it shows a logical mind). If he had ever been called to the Bench, he would have taken what is called, I am given to understand, in legal circles, "the d—d shame" view of matters brought before him, and been a terror less to law-breakers than to villains. Nor was a secret motive wanting for his hostility to Mr. John Adair; he had secretly never forgiven him the lie which (as he was still convinced) he had told him on the very first day he had the honour of making his acquaintance.

Henny had not hesitated to summon her husband home by telegraph that afternoon; he had come, as it was understood, to "five o'clock tea" in the most ordinary and natural fashion, nor was there anything to excite comment in Jeannette's being sent for up to the drawing-room to give an account of how the little invalid was progressing in Albany-street.

First, however, Stevie had told *his* story, which uncle Fred transferred to his notebook word by word as being matter of grave importance indeed, which might be wanted afterwards; but this witness, upon Jeannette's appearance, was directed to withdraw, while Henny remained in court to watch proceedings. The waiting-maid at first was very far from communicative;

she had had some hours for reflection since the events of the morning, and her views were not what they had been when Stevie had left her. That Adair had altered the child's medicine, and with, of course, some evil intent, she was well convinced; but she felt sure, being forewarned, that this could never occur again; while to make a further scandal of the matter would be to entail she knew not what upon her unfortunate mistress. Moreover, should her master ever discover that she was hostile to him, he would turn her out of doors upon the instant, when her mistress and the child would be left without that protection which she alone knew to be so necessary to them. Like most persons with a turn for intrigue, she had too great confidence in her own resources.

Irton saw at once that she had repented of her offer to make a clean breast of it to him, and shaped his course accordingly.

"What Stevie has stated to me is a matter so very serious, Jeannette," he said, gravely, "that it must be gone into, whether we will or no. An attempt to murder cannot be hushed up, out of regard to the feelings of anybody, remember."

"But why should it be murder, Sir?" she argued. "For all we know, the doctor may have altered his opinion, and Mr. Adair have done what he did by his advice. Besides, what good could master get by killing the poor little darling?—his own flesh and blood, too."

"When murder is done, Jeannette," returned the lawyer, coldly, "it is not only the murderer who puts his neck in the loop, but the accessory who is in collusion with him. No one who knows you could suspect you of doing little Willie any harm; but you will not be known to the Judge and jury who will try this case. I warn you, that if you are concealing anything that may throw light on this matter, you are playing a very dangerous as well as foolish game."

"I am concealing nothing, Sir," said Jeannette, obstinately; and then, with that superfluity of assertion so characteristic of her class, added, "I never did."

"What, not when you concealed from your mistress that another physician had seen little Willie besides Dr. Bagge?"

"If you know so much about it, there was two on 'em," muttered Jeannette, grudgingly, but with a sob in her voice. It was not so much alarm upon her own account that had thus caused her to break down in her resolution to keep silence, but perplexity and distress of mind.

"Then why did you, in collusion with your master, keep this visit secret from your mistress and Dr. Newton?"

"Because I dursn't speak of it," cried the wretched Jeannette. "Master told me if I ever breathed one word of it, out of the house I should go. How do you think my poor mistress and Willie would get on without me? What sort of husband and father do you take Mr. Adair to be that I should let him work his wicked will upon them? You may call it collusion; you may just as well accuse dear little Willie herself of such a thing, whom I begged to be silent about this very matter for her mother's sake; and she did so, because,

child as she is, she has a deal more sense in her than some people as are grown up. And after all, what did it matter about more doctors coming? They were kind, honest gentlemen, and, as I should judge by their manner, none too fond of master."

"Just so," said Irton; "you were quite right in supposing there was no harm in them. Still, I must know who they were."

"I know nothing about them, except that one called the other Woodruffe; and if ever master comes to hear that I told you even so much as that, whatever happens afterwards will be at your door, not mine, Sir."

"He shall never know, Jeannette, be assured of that. If you will only confide in me we shall be able to spoil all his schemes, and make him harmless. But we cannot fight against him in the dark."

"I know no more, Sir, than what I have told you; only remember that in dealing with him you have to do with the wickedest and most heartless man that ever drew breath, and one that is as cunning as the Devil."

"You have described the gentleman to a hair," said Irton, drily. "What on earth," he added, turning to his wife, "could have ever induced Sophy to marry him!"

Henny held up her hands, and shook her head. Though she was so fond of Sophy, the girl had always been an enigma to her, and the objects of her affection a matter of amazement. Badly as Adair had turned out, he had not, in his bachelor state, been more objectionable to Henny than Mr. Perry had been.

"She married him because she couldn't help it, Mr. Irton," said Jeannette, warmly. "Heaven forgive me for the hand I had in it, but I doubt if I could have stopped it anyhow. She did it to prevent an exposure."

Mr. Frederic Irton emitted a low whistle; a whistle full of feeling as well as significance, but still a whistle.

"You are wrong, Fred," said Henny, firmly. "I am quite sure Sophy never misconducted herself as you suppose. She may have been weak, but never wicked."

"That's just it, ma'am," said Jeannette, approvingly. "My mistress was very foolish, and bitterly, indeed, she has paid for her folly, but she never went wrong. She had a secret, which Mr. Adair possessed himself of; and, rather than it should be known to her friends, she married him."

"And what was the secret?" inquired man and wife together.

"She had been married before to Mr. Herbert Perry."

"What! Sophy a widow!" exclaimed Henny, in shocked amazement.

Irton expressed no astonishment—it was beneath the dignity of his profession: but he murmured, "What a deuced clever girl," between his teeth.

"But are you quite certain of this, Jeannette?" inquired Henny.

"I saw them married myself in St. Anne's Church, in the City; it was against my will from first to last. I had nothing to do with it except holding my tongue. I wish" she added, with a sigh, "I could say as much of her second venture."

There was a long silence. Henny was recalling the words Sophy had uttered during her last visit, the reproaches she had heaped upon herself, the acknowledgment she had so passionately made that her sorrows were deserved, and only her righteous punishment. "It was no wonder," she felt, and yet she pitied her, from her soul she pitied her. Irton's thoughts flowed in quite another channel. Was it possible that little Willie was not Adair's child after all? A circumstance which though it could excuse nothing might explain much.

"When did the second marriage take place—how soon after she was a widow?" he inquired.

"About six months, Sir. It was not my poor mistress's fault that it was so soon: the Canon hurried it I think, poor man, little knowing what he was about; and of course," she added, her hatred of her master stinging her into unaccustomed satire, "Mr. Adair was very anxious to make sure of her money."

Here the clock on the mantel-piece struck six.

"I must be going," said Jeannette, rising; "if my master comes back and finds me away from home—and especially here, he will suspect something."

"Quite right," said Irton, approvingly; "we must contrive to see you again, when necessary; but in the meantime we cannot be too cautious. One moment; how do you know that Mr. Adair knew your mistress was a widow? Did he ever say so in your hearing?"

"No, but it was very well understood between them."

"Still you have no evidence that he knew it?"

"He knew it," said Jeannette, after a moment's reflection, "because he read a letter of Mr. Perry's which spoke of his marriage, and he inclosed it with a letter of his own to my mistress."

"Is that letter—Adair's letter—in existence?"

"I think it is."

"I will give fifty pounds for a sight of it."

"I don't want your money, Sir," said Jeannette, doggedly;

"I have had enough of doing underhand things for money."

"But this is work for a good end, work that may possibly be the means of rescuing your mistress from her slavery, as well as causing your master to get his deserts."

"That would be a sight for sore eyes indeed," answered Jeannette, earnestly, mopping her own with her handkerchief, as she rose from her chair. "You shall have that letter, Sir, if I have to break open missus's desk to get at it."

CHAPTER XLII.

ROBERT.

The P. and O. boat has just arrived at Southampton. Her deck is crowded by a motley crowd, but the expression of their faces is, for the most part, wonderfully similar. There are some invalids, so ill that even the thought of "coming home" cannot bring back "the vermeil hue of health" to their bronzed but shrunken cheeks; there is a glitter in their eyes, but it has moisture in it, like the light of the sun-dew. And there are others in mourning, who have been beckoned across the ocean by the hand of Death. The rest are bright and radiant: some eager to revisit their own homes, others chiefly to enjoy themselves after long and enforced abstinence from pleasure, in "the village," as we term, with mock sentiment, the metropolis.

There is one exception, however, a young man—neither an invalid nor in mourning, but who wears a grave and preoccupied expression. He does not scan the faces of those ashore who have come to meet the boat; he has friends, dear ones, at home; but he knows that no one will be here to welcome him, for they do not know of his arrival. His fellow-passengers crowd around him to shake hands of farewell, for he has made himself popular on the voyage; he accepts their civilities and reciprocates them, but with a somewhat *distrustful* air; his mind is far from them. He is glad when they have streamed away, and he can follow after them and mix unobserved with the crowd at the railway station. It is early spring, and the darkness of evening is already falling.

"First class, Sir?" inquires the porter, who is looking after his luggage.

"No; third class."

The porter stares, for the young man is well dressed and has an aristocratic air, and notwithstanding this discovery he shows him to his carriage.

"I thought so," murmurs the official, as he leaves the door with a shilling in his hand; "once a gentleman always a gentleman. Now, some fellows would have said, 'There's your carriage,' and taken no further notice of him. He's out o' luck, that's all, and I hope it will return to him."

The subject of this aspiration pulled his railway rug around him, pushed up his coat-collar, drew down his travelling-cap over his brows, and prepared himself for silence, if not for slumber. He was in no mood for talk, nor, in any case, would the appearance of his fellow-passengers have invited conversation. There were but two of them; one a rough-looking fellow, but without the wholesomeness that often accompanies roughness; the other, with the appearance of having seen better days, the remembrance of which he had made efforts to drown in the usual manner; they spoke to one another in hoarse whispers, and seemed to be on intimate terms—what the world at large calls friends, and the sporting world "confederates." Presently one of them produced a huge spirit flask, which drew the ties of their amity still closer and still more loosened their tongues. They had seemed at first to be suspicious of their silent companion, but, as he gave no sign of wakefulness, they soon disregarded him. As appeared from their talk, they had recently returned from some distant land, where, though they had accomplished their errand, they had encountered some hardships, spent all their money, and received some slight which had wounded their *amour propre*.

"What I hate, most of all, in the governor," said No. 1, in discontented tones, "is his want of confidence in a fellow. Wherever one goes there is always someone else going, unbeknownst, to look after one."

"That's his kind consideration for our welfare," returned No. 2, whose language showed a much higher type of education than that of his companion. "He's so fond of you he can never trust you out of his sight."

"He don't trust you a bit more than he does me; don't think it," sneered No. 1. "Why you was searched twice between the mine and the 'otel."

"But nothing was found upon me, my friend; I left the court without a stain upon my character, whereas you—dear me, I felt quite ashamed that a pal of mine should have so bemeaned himself for a few ounces of silver."

"I am not a hostrich, like some people, as can swaller silver," returned the other, angrily. "For my part, I wonder you don't jingle as you move."

"And a very pleasant music it would make," returned the other. "Automaton pianos would be nothing to it; there is only one pleasanter chink to my ear—that of gold."

"It's high time we heard it," grumbled No. 1. "The idea of our havin' to come home in the steerage, and now in this ere third-class, with the tagrag and bobtail;" and he nodded his head in the direction of their sleeping companion to illustrate his remark by application, "Fellows as have done what we have done to our employers' satisfaction."

"It was the euchre, however, to give the devil his due, which took away our ready money," observed No. 2. "The governor has behaved square enough."

"And so he ought to do," answered the other, angrily. "For every ten pounds he has put into our pockets he expects to land a 'thou' at the very least."

"That depends upon how the company stands. Without the help of that swell in the City the wheels could never have been moved at all; and it's my opinion he has not much money to grease 'em with."

"But he knows where to get it," observed No. 1, and he won't be so particular how it's got."

"Got; who is?" returned the other, contemptuously; "but let me tell you it's not so easy as Dawson thinks for a swell in the City, if he has been once blown upon, to raise £12,000 anyhow. And Master John Adair's reputation is not virgin; no, nor anything like it—um!"

This inarticulate sound was a note of warning. The young gentleman in the corner had suddenly given a start, which was perceptible through his wraps. Nor though he feigned to strike out a limb mechanically as though it were part and parcel of the other performance, and to breathe heavily, like one fast bound in slumber, did he succeed in lulling the once aroused suspicion of his companions. He overheard, indeed, No. 1 anathematizing No. 2 in a muttered tone for being such a blank fool as to name names in a public conveyance, and No. 2 defending himself with the vehemence irascibility of a man who knows he is in the wrong; but their confidential communications were over. Only one other observation passed between them from which any information could be gathered. As they neared the end of their journey No. 2 bought a newspaper, and produced from his pocket a small lantern, by means of which he contrived to spell out a word or two, though the chief effect of the light was to illuminate his own countenance in a Rembrandtish and unattractive fashion.

"Well; what's the noose?" inquired his more illiterate companion.

"None. There are no quotations yet, of course."

"Why, I thought they was a laying five or six to one against the Briar-root filly."

"Tut! your mind is always feeding on horseflesh," returned the other, contemptuously. "I meant there are no quotations of the S. S., stupid."

Not till the train stopped at the ticket platform did the young gentleman in the corner begin to awaken, which he did with much yawning and stretching; one would have said that he had either been undergoing great bodily fatigue of late, or must have been a very lazy young man indeed. No sooner had he parted from his companions, however, and found himself in a cab, than all trace of sleepiness vanished. There was an angry light in his eye, and an angry ring in his voice, as he exclaimed to himself—

"That man again! How strange that his cursed name is the first to meet my ear in England. What scoundrels those two fellows looked. His accomplices, no doubt, in some scheme of villainy. It is too late to get on to-night, and I can't stop all these hours alone, eating my heart out with bitter thoughts. No doubt Henny will give me a bit of supper, and—what I crave for infinitely more—some news of Cambridge. Her husband is a clever fellow, by all accounts, and his advice may be worth having."

He put his head out of window, and substituted for the address he had first given to the cabman that of the Irtons in Maida-vale.

It was past eight when the cab drew up at the door; he rang the bell, and gave his card to the servant for Mrs. Irton. Henry was still in the dining-room, where her husband was smoking his after-dinner pipe (she was much too good a wife and wise a woman to object to the smell of tobacco). She read the card, jumped up with a cry of pleasure, and ran into the passage, where Mr. Frederic Irton heard her exclaim, tumultuously, "You dear good fellow." These words, so distressing to a husband's ear, were followed by an unmistakable kiss.

The next moment she reappeared, leading by the hand a

very handsome young man, looking not so much ashamed of himself as embarrassed.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Irton," he began, smiling.

"It's quite out of the question," said the lawyer, gravely.

"The matter must go to a jury, who will assess damages."

"Why, it's Robert," cried Henny; "Robert Aldred, from India: I knew he'd come;" and then this extraordinary young person, who had quite a reputation for self-control, burst into tears.

"I am very glad to see Robert," said Irton, shaking hands with the new comer warmly. "This is indeed friendly of you. You are come to stay with us, of course."

"Nay, I was going to Cambridge this very night, but found I was too late; so I just looked in."

Henny was in the passage again in an instant, giving orders about his luggage being taken down, and carried to the spare room.

"You will have to stay, Aldred," said Irton, smiling.

"If I were master here I would add 'and welcome'; but Henny presides over the establishment. This sad news of the Canon has brought you over, I conclude."

"Yes; I am come on short leave instead of long; but I could not leave him to bear his misfortune alone."

"I have always heard you were a good fellow, and now I'm sure of it," exclaimed the lawyer, approvingly; "sit down, and you shall have some dinner at once."

In Henny's house matters were never run so finely that there was difficulty in suitably providing for an unexpected guest; and if viands were not wanting on the occasion, we may be sure there was still less lack of conversation.

The three sat far into the night, conferring and discoursing on many things; and, as generally happens when a traveller has come from the ends of the earth, the first topic of Robert's talk was upon his latest comparatively unimportant experience in the railway carriage.

"How odd it was that I should hear of this Adair so soon; was it not?" he said.

"Well, a good many people are talking about him, and none to his credit," replied Irton. "I have no doubt, as you suggest, that the men are engaged in some scheme—probably a nefarious one—in which he is interested. I daresay it's no worse than many another in which he is mixed up. But I'll just make a note of the expected quotation of those S.S. shares."

"And don't you think his having to find £12,000, apparently at some early date, was rather significant?"

"Why, yes. I've got that down already," returned the lawyer, drily. "It's evident that he's approaching a crisis—probably a very dangerous one."

"He can't do my poor father any more harm; that's one comfort," observed Robert, grimly.

"No; he can't do him any more harm," said the lawyer, slowly. Perhaps he was thinking of the Canon's wrongs, as Robert was doing; for both remained silent for a little while, with compressed lips; or perhaps he was thinking, "Though he can't hurt your father more, he may hurt others."

"It is quite marvellous how well the dear Canon and Miss Aldred have borne it all," observed Henny. "Of course your coming will be an immense delight and comfort to them; but it was not really necessary."

"Alma thought it was," said Robert, simply. "So far from combating my resolution to come home, she said it was my obvious duty."

"You have got her portrait, of course," said Henny, gently. "You must let me see it before you leave us."

"I have got it here," answered Robert, with a blush; and he produced it from his breast-pocket.

At this, Henny's look grew so very tender that Irton interposed with "You really mustn't kiss him again;" which made them both laugh very heartily. In reality, Irton had not the least objection to their kissing; but he was averse to sentiment, or rather, to the display of it.

The photograph presented a charming face, a little darker than common, thanks to the Indian sun, but exquisitely feminine; though full of gentleness and feeling, it had, however, a very noticeable expression of resolution, which Henny remarked upon at once.

"Oh yes; Alma is not easily subjugated," said Robert, smiling. "When I got the bad news from home, the General was for breaking off the engagement. 'I gave you my permission,' he said, 'to pay your attentions to my daughter, under certain circumstances, which no longer exist.' But Alma said that she had given her promise without conditions. She had a very bad quarter of an hour with the old General; but she got her way."

"They generally do," observed Irton, drily, "and they go on getting it, let me tell you, after marriage."

"Not in all cases," said Henny, sorrowfully.

"If you think that sigh is on her own account, Aldred," interposed Irton, "you are very much mistaken."

"I was thinking of poor Sophy, Fred."

"To be sure," said Irton, growing grave at once. "That is a matter which, I think, Aldred, you should be informed about. I am acting, or trying to act, as the friend of the family with respect to certain circumstances, without any proper authorisation. They are such as I cannot communicate to the Canon without causing him the greatest distress of mind, which you will agree with me he ought to be spared. I should not have shrunk from the responsibility if you had remained in India; but, as you are here, I must ask you to be our confidant and adviser."

"I shall, I fear, be of very little use in the latter character," said Robert, modestly; "but if, by sharing the burden of what you have so kindly taken on your own shoulders, I can lighten it

"Droll! How was that?"

"Well; when I had found what I wanted, I produced a photograph of our friend Adair. The man is very peculiar-looking, I must tell you, keen and hatchet-faced, and blacker than you are—as black as the Devil—and asked the clerk whether he had ever seen the original of it. Yes, he said, he had; and taken particular notice of him, because he had given him half a sovereign instead of his usual fee. He is a mean hound enough by nature; but I suppose his joy at finding that his information as to Sophy's secret marriage was correct, and that consequently she was in his power, was too much for him, and he had fallen into a fit of generosity. At all events, not only did the clerk recollect him, but had made a note of the date of his visit. Now, I saw Adair for the first time that very afternoon in London at some luncheon rooms, and when I met him at your father's table, three days afterwards, and recognised him, he denied that we had ever met before. He swore that he was in the country on the day in question; and everybody but myself—here Irton cast a triumphant look at his wife—believed him."

"And my dear Robert," put in Henny, quietly, "I do believe that that corroboration of his own astuteness has given Fred almost as great satisfaction as if he had got your father's money back."

"But, perhaps, the fact was of importance," observed Aldred; "I am sure your husband would not have been so gratified from mere self-complacency."

"How you men do hang together," smiled Henny.

"You are an uncommonly sensible young fellow, Robert," exclaimed Frederic. "Excuse my calling you by your Christian name, but you seem like an old friend, and I am sure one who can be trusted. And since you have proved yourself so intelligent, I'll tell you something which otherwise I should not have confided to you just at present."

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 9, 1880) of the Most Excellent Señor Don Antonio Lopez y Lopez, Marques de Comillas, late of Calle de la Puerta Ferrisa, Barcelona, Spain, who died on Jan. 16 last, was proved in London on the 27th ult. by the Most Excellent Señora Doña Luisa Bru de Lopez, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator bequeaths to his children Claudio and Isabel such amounts as will make up their legal shares; and some other legacies. He charges his property with the annual payment of 4000 dols. as a pious foundation, 1200 dols. to be expended in keeping up the worship in the Pantheon Chapel at Comillas, 1000 dols. to be distributed among the ancient poor and chronic sick of the same place, 500 dols. to provide dowers for four girls of Comillas, 500 dols. in teaching trades to four poor boys, and 200 dols. each in increase of the allowances to the schoolmaster and schoolmistress of Comillas, if the favoured ones be to the liking of his heir. The title of Marques de Comillas he leaves to his wife, with all his property at Comillas, and some other, amounting together in value to one third of his inheritance, she at her death to transfer it to his said son. The remaining two thirds of his inheritance he also leaves to his wife, and at her death she is to leave it to his said two children by equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1883), of Mr. Charles Henry Sladen, late of Lancaster House, Porchester-gate, who died on July 24 last at Folkestone, was proved on the 27th ult. by James Butterworth Sladen and Thomas Butterworth Sladen, the brothers, and Marmaduke Matthews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £12,000 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Annie Sladen; £7000 each to his said two brothers, James and Thomas; £2000 each to his brother John Sutcliffe, and his sisters, Louisa Amelia, Mary Isabel, and Emma Catherine; and £500 to his executor Mr. Matthews. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, if she so long remain his widow, and then for his children or issue, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1880) of Madame Emilie Pauline de Belzim Serendat, formerly of Claremont Plain, Wilhelms, Mauritus, but late of No. 76, Rue de Miromesnil, Paris, who died on Sept. 5 last, has just been proved in London by Alfred Harel, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £48,000. The testatrix bequeaths to her husband an annuity of 25,000f.; leaving the remainder of her property to pass as provided for by law.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1879), with a codicil (dated Feb. 17, 1882), of the Rev. Thomas Heathcote, late of Lenton Vicarage, in the county of Lincoln, who died on Aug. 7 last, at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar-square, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mrs. Lucy Heathcote, the widow, and Henry Searle Heathcote, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator, in addition to some specific bequests, bequeaths £500 to his wife; pecuniary legacies to his governess and servants; and the residue of the personality to his son Henry Searle. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates in the county of Lincoln, including the advowson of the rectory of Falkingham and vicarage of Laughton, all his freehold and copyhold property in the county of Rutland, and all other his real estate and hereditaments are charged with the payment of £400 per annum to his wife for life; £1000 per annum to his son Thomas Arthur Robert, for life, and £12,000 at his death; £400 per annum to each of his other younger sons for their lives, and £6000 on their respective deaths; annuities to his daughters until twenty-one or marriage, and then with £4000 each; and, subject thereto, are devised to the use of his son Henry Searle for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated June 25, 1881) of Mrs. Elizabeth Borradaile, late of St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, who died on Sept. 15 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Charles Borradaile and Stephen Wright, the nephews, and Roger Duke, the brother, three of the executors and trustees, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the British Home for Incurables, and the Medical Benevolent College at Epsom; £50 to the United Kingdom Benevolent Society; nineteen guineas to the New Hospital at Hawkhurst, Kent, in aid of the expenses of providing the nurse; and numerous specific and pecuniary legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her trustees, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1883) of Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, K.C.B., late of The Haven, Ealing, who died on Sept. 12 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Major-General Thomas Bernard Collinson, the brother, the sole executor, to whom he gives and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, of whatever nature or kind. The personal estate exceeds £12,000.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

A SURREY MAN.—For particulars of the organisation of the Surrey County Chess Association you should address the honorary secretary, Mr. L. P. Rees, Croydon, P. B. (Strand).—Black cannot play 1. K to Kt 3rd in No. 2063, that pawn being "stopped" by a white pawn at Kt 3rd.

T D R (Cambridge).—A bright little game. We have no doubt that a match will be played to settle the matter. See our American news below.

EMMO (Darlington).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

WARE (Homerton).—A player can "castle" after his King has been checked, no matter how often, but not after his King has been moved.

W B (Lotus Club, New York).—The papers to hand do not refer to the opening. We shall be glad to hear from you on the subject through the post.

W B (Stratford).—As amended it is improved, and if found correct it shall appear.

G W M (Manchester).—We are obliged for the duplicate diagram. It is marked for insertion.

C F (Upper Tooting).—We are glad to see your name in our list of solvers again.

H B W (Brompton).—Neat enough, but the device after the first move has been repeated *ad nauseum*. We shall be glad to see another effort.

J R (Edinburgh).—We see no solution if Black play 1. K takes Kt (at K 4th).

B R (Notting-hill).—In the solution of a problem a piece is not described as either King's or Queen's. If two pieces of the same denomination can be moved to the same square, the square of departure is named. The amendment of No. 2064, by the author, appeared in a subsequent number.

E J T (Hartlepool).—See answer to B R above.

I W S (Wigan).—Thanks; the game shall have our best attention.

A F (Peckham).—The pawn must be promoted to a piece at once.

Note.—In Problem No. 2066 the defence to 1. R to K square is 1. P to K 3rd.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2065, 2066, and 2067 received from Espanol (Carthagena); of Nos. 2066 and 2067 from Henry Bristow; of Mr. Abbott's Prize Problem from Gyp, Henry Bristow, J. R. (Edinburgh), and R. H. Brooks; of J. Jespersen's Problem from Gyp and Henry Bristow; of the Bohemian Problem from F. M. (Edinburgh), and J. R. (Edinburgh); of No. 2068 from E. L. G.; of No. 2067 from Donald Mackay, Carl Friedlieben, O. H. Labone, D. O. D., Edmund Field, and H. B. W.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS received from H. B. T. Brandreth, A. R. Xanthos (Brussels); B. J. T. St. George, F. H. A. Carl Friedlieben, O. H. Labone, Harvey L. Edmund Field, G. B. Kyndom, W. Middle, E. H. J. H. J. (Tamworth), L. Desanges F. F. (Brussels), A. Chapiro, J. Gaskin, Schmucke, Emery (Darlington), W. Vernon Arnold, Smuts, Cholmondeley, B. W. Watters, L. G. G. (London), L. Hyland (Galway), Horatio Battye, H. Noyes, Indagator, L. L. Greenway, Shadforth, S. Lowndes, A. H. Manns, Gyp, John Parrott, Aaron, H. R. T. Page, David Cuthbertson, J. Hall, H. K. Awdry, B. H. C. (Salisbury), E. Casella (Paris), W. Hillier, Zulu, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Ben Nevis, S. W. Mann, F. M. (Edinburgh), A. Fleming, F. Ferris, M. O'Halloran, L. Falcon (Antwerp), C. Darragh, G. S. Oldfield, Francis Adams, E. J. Posno (Haarlem), H. Wardell, Jupiter Junior, D. W. Kell, A. B. Wyon, Z. Ingold, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), C. T. Salusbury, Carmen and Richard Eggert (Hamburg), R. L. Southwell, T. P. G. E. Loudon, L. Wyman, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C. Stewart Wood, J. G. Anstree, W. Dewse, Henry Bristow, Alpha, W. Kirby, J. R. (Edinburgh), T. G., C. S. Cox, W. J. Rudman, H. Lucas, and K. (Bridgewater).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2067.

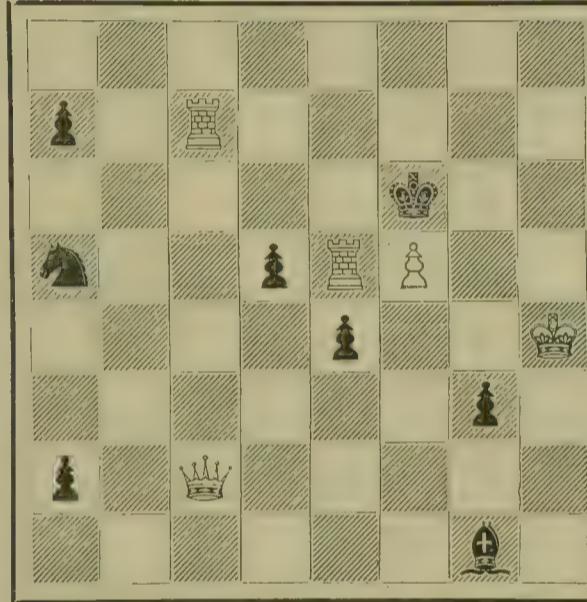
WHITE. 1. B to Q 2nd. BLACK. K to Kt 5th. K takes Q. 3. B to Q Kt sq. Mate.

* If Black play 1. B to Kt 5th, White continues with 2. Q to Q Kt 2nd (ch); if 1. B to K 7th, or Q 4th, then 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), mating, in each case, on the following move.

PROBLEM NO. 2070.

By Dr. S. GOLD (Vienna).

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

A spirited Skirmish from Cambridge, between Mr. T. D. ROBERTS and another Amateur. (Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.) 1. P to K 4th. BLACK (Mr. A.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. P to Q 3rd. 3. P to Q 4th. P to K B 4th. 4. P takes K P. 5. Kt to Kt 5th. P to Q 4th. 6. P to K 6th. B to B 4th. Frequently adopted by Morphy in off-hand games. 7. Kt to B 7th. Q to B 3rd. and White to play, and mate in three moves.

We have here an old defence against an old fashioned counter-attack. White's best continuation at this point is 4. Kt to Q B 3rd, when, if P takes K P, 5. Kt takes K P, followed by 6. Q to R 5th (ch), gives White an immediate advantage.

8. B takes K P. 9. Kt takes R. 10. P to Q 3rd. Castles. 11. Q to B 2nd. P to Q 5th. 12. Q takes K P. P takes P. 13. Q to B 3rd. P takes P. 14. B takes P. Q takes B. 15. B to K 2nd. If 15. Q to Q B 3rd, then 15. B to Q Kt 5th. and White resigned.

After a rapid passage across the Atlantic, Dr. Zukertort arrived in New York on Oct. 28. He was warmly welcomed at the Manhattan Chess Club on the following day, and at once gave the members a "taste of his quality" by playing many off-hand games against all comers. Since his arrival Dr. Zukertort has written to the *Herald* declining to play a match against Herr Steinitz who is also in America, until after his return to England.

A match between the chess clubs of Philadelphia and New York was played on the 7th inst., but the result was unknown when the mails to hand this week were dispatched.

A match between the chess clubs of the Athenaeum and Railway Clearing House Chess Clubs was played on the 17th inst., twelve a side. The result was a draw, each club scoring 6½.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige us by sending reports of matches not later than Monday morning of each week, as this part of the paper is sent to press early in the week.

We have received a copy of the Book of the London Tournament, published by James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and shall take an early opportunity of giving it an extended notice.

Mr. Blackburne was staying last week at Tynemouth, the guest of Mr. Richard Ormond, the well-known composer of problems. The English champion gave an exhibition of simultaneous games on the 14th inst. at the Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne, playing against twenty-two adversaries. He won 19, lost 1 (to Mr. F. Downey), drew 1 (with Mr. Campbell), and another was left unfinished. In chess *sans voix*, on the following day, Mr. Blackburne played against eight of the local players, winning 5, drawing 2, and losing 1, the last to Mr. Zoellner.

Mr. Parnell has been re-elected president of the Cork Chamber of Commerce.

At the annual rent audit for Viscount Cranbourne's Hemsted estates in Kent, an abatement of 10 per cent on the rent was allowed, and his Lordship, addressing the tenants, congratulated them on the favourable change which had come over agriculture.

The list of successful candidates at the midsummer examination of pupil teachers and students throughout England and Wales has just been published. In the female classes more than two thousand passed, at the head of the list being Miss Alice Frances Jennings, of the British and Foreign School Society's Training Institution, Stockwell.

OBITUARY.

LORD OVERSTONE.

The Right Hon. Samuel Jones Loyd, Baron Overstone, of Overstone and Fotheringhay, county Northampton, J.P. and D.L., M.A. Camb., D.C.L. Oxford, the wealthiest, perhaps, of her Majesty's subjects, died on the 17th inst., at his residence in Carlton-gardens, in his eighty-eighth year. He was born Sept. 25, 1796, the son of Mr. Lewis Loyd, by his wife, the only daughter of Mr. Jones, of Manchester, banker; and received his education at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1818. He became subsequently the head of the great banking firm of Jones, Loyd, and Co., holding a foremost place amongst the financiers of his time, and being frequently consulted by Government as the leading financial authority. In politics a Liberal, he represented Hythe in Parliament from 1819 to 1826; and unsuccessfully contested Manchester in 1832. In 1850, he was raised to the Peerage, but as he had no son the title expires with him. His Lordship married, in 1829, Harriet, third daughter of Mr. Ichabod Wright, of Mapperley Hall, Notts., and was left a widower in 1864, with one daughter, Harriet Sarah, born in 1837, the wife of Sir Robert James Lindsay, K.C.B., who has taken the prefix surname of Loyd. Lord Overstone was a Senator of the University of London and a Commissioner of Exchequer Loans.

SIR THEOPHILUS J. METCALFE, BART.

Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, Bart., C.B., died on the 8th inst., in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, fourth Baronet, of Fern Hill, Berks, and nephew of the late Lord Metcalfe, was born in 1828, and entered the Bengal Service in 1848. During the Mutiny he was actively employed in its suppression; and in 1866 retired from the service. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy Nov. 3, 1853, and was made C.B. in 1864. He married twice—first, in 1851, Charlotte Herbert, eldest daughter of the late General Sir John Low, K.C.B.; and secondly, in 1876, Katherine, daughter of the late Mr. James Whitshed Hawkins Dempster, of Dunichen, county Forfar. He is succeeded by his son, now Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, sixth Baronet, who was born in 1853, and educated at Harrow School.

SIR J. D. BOURNE, BART.

Sir James Dyson Bourne, second Baronet, of Hackinsall, and Heathfield, in the county of Lancaster, D.L., died suddenly, on the 10th inst., in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square. He was born July 29, 1842, the only son of Colonel James Bourne, Colonel Commandant of the 19th Royal Lancashire Artillery Militia, who sat as M.P. for Evesham from 1865 to 1880, and was created a Baronet on May 10 of the latter year. The gentleman whose death we record entered the Army as Cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards in December, 1860, and served in the regiment from that year till 1881, when he became Lieutenant-Colonel, and soon afterwards retired. He succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father last year. Sir James Bourne married, Dec. 29, 1875, Lady Marian Jane Loftus, only daughter of John Henry, third Marquis of Ely, but, as he leaves no issue, the baronetcy expires with him.

COLONEL ARMSTRONG-MACDONNELL.

Colonel William Edward Armstrong-MacDonnell, of New Hall and Liscrona House, county Clare, J.P. and D.L., for some years Vice-Lieutenant, commanding the County Militia, died in Dublin on the 11th inst. He was born May 10, 1826, the son of the late Mr. William Henry Armstrong, M.P., of Mount Heaton, King's County, by Bridget, his wife, only daughter of Colonel Charles MacDonnell, M.P., of New Hall and Kilke, and succeeded, in 1850, at the decease of his maternal uncle, to the MacDonnell estates in the county of Clare. In consequence, he served as High Sheriff of Clare in 1853, and assumed, in 1858, by Royal License, the additional surname and arms of MacDonnell. He married, July 20, 1858, the Hon. Julian Cecilia O'Brien, eldest daughter of Lucius, thirteenth Lord Inchiquin, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Richard Baring, partner in the firm of James Cook and Co., Colonial brokers, on the 15th inst., at his residence in Cork-street, son of Mr. Henry Baring, brother of Sir Evelyn Baring, and nephew of the first Lord Ashburton.

Mr. Patrick Edward Murphy, J.P., of Ballinacloon, in the county of Westmeath, and 21, Sussex-square, Hyde Park, on the

1. View east of Calais harbour, showing the bed of the canal designed to encircle the town.
9. Rue Courgain, in the fisherman's quarter.2. Porte Richelieu.
3. Inside the Town walls, at Porte de la Mer.
10. View from ramparts near the Lighthouse, with proposed course of the canal (shown by arrows).4. Porte de la Mer.
5. Porte du Havre.
11. Excavating operations, near the Porte Richelieu.6. Calais fisher-folk.
7. Citadel gate.
8. View of canal works on western side.
12. Market-day in the Place d'Armes, with Hôtel de Ville, and Lighthouse behind.

CALAIS, OLD AND NEW, WITH CANAL AROUND THE TOWN, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

CALAIS, OLD AND NEW.

To an Englishman few places are more interesting or richer in historical associations than this ancient weather-beaten little port, which lies in actual view of our own coast, and bears tokens of our former ownership in the shape of English-built churches, and English names of places. In a bye street stands a beautiful old gateway, the fragment of an exchange or mart, where the English merchants once did a busy trade. And just inside the Porte de la Mer, beyond the rumbling crazy drawbridge, is the Calais Gate of Hogarth. On this gate, in his day, the English arms flaunted conspicuously; though they were erased at a later period the mark still remains, like the brand on a deserter's shoulder. We cannot gaze on this ancient relic without calling up the image of the robust English painter, seated busy with his sketching in front of the old gate—for which proceeding he was arrested and carried to prison. There is, besides, the pretty if dubious legend of King Edward and the Burgesses; also, the "engraving on the heart" of Queen Mary, and the meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, close by.

Fifty years ago the large Place was crowded with refugees, who had left their native land, not for their tradesmen's good, and the space in front of Dessein's Hotel re-echoed to the clattering of six-horse diligences and post-carriages. Now, the Place is comparatively deserted, though it quickens into life about noon, and again at midnight, when troops of passengers hurry across to the station. No one who can help it dreams of staying an hour at Calais; yet the present writer has often taken a Saturday trip thither, attracted by its curious antique associations.

Calais is duly fortified, and has its *enceinte*, with ditches and drawbridges, worth, of course, nothing, in the view of military defence. There is a certain picturesqueness in these old survivals, as in the scene given in Sketch 3. It has been determined to form Calais proper and St. Pierre-lez-Calais into a single town, and after levelling all the old walls and fortifications, with the exception of the Citadel, to encircle the whole with a canal or wide ditch, as shown in our Sketch (No. 10), regularly protected by earthworks. This serious enterprise is being carried out rapidly: the walls are actually being pulled down, and, as in so many other instances, the open spaces will be built upon. This remodelling of fortifications is being carried on likewise at Dunkirk and other towns. Of more interest to merchants and passengers are the improvements made in the docks and harbour. A new floating dock to the east of the town is being formed over 2000 ft. in length, together with a new packet quay, nearly 1000 ft. long, having 12 ft. of water at the lowest tide. This will enable

steam-boats to come alongside at all hours. Moreover, a new railway station of a temporary kind has been erected, to serve pending the erection of the permanent one, on the new pier, which will save the wretched progress of the well-buffed *voyageurs* from the shore to the old station—often in rain, wind, or hail. All these are what our neighbours would call "serious" improvements, and are being effected at a cost of more than half-a-million sterling. The thriving commercial town of St. Pierre, which begins almost at the gates of old Calais, will soon absorb Calais itself. St. Pierre has really the air of an English town; it swarms with English workmen, lace and tulle being the staple trade of the place; while on large brass plates at the doors of the counting-houses are to be read the familiar names of Smith, Robinson, Jones, and Brown. There is an air of bustle and thriving prosperity in this quarter.

It will be interesting to note that, in the year 1881, over 200,000 passengers passed through Calais—exceeding in number by 40,000 the travellers by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. There is a common impression that the route by the latter port is the most popular, but this return shows the contrary; and what will the reader suppose to be the value of the lace and tulle manufactured in the flourishing town St. Pierre in a single year. Four millions sterling! while twelve hundred English vessels entered the port during the same period.

The old Place of Calais is still picturesque, and truly French; while the tower of its old townhall is singularly piquant and elegant. Its chimes have the true musical wheeziness, and recall those of Bruges. Beside it rises the grim, gaunt, and mournful-looking Watch-Tower, which until recent times did duty as a lighthouse. In little side streets, which branch off the Rue de Guines, Rue Leleux, and other thoroughfares, once lived Beau Brummel, Lady Hamilton, the eccentric Duchess of Kingston, and many other notable exiles. But Dessein's once famous hotel was invested with more interesting associations; for here had stayed Sterne, and Scott, and Thackeray, and many other distinguished English visitors who travelled across the Channel. It was a picturesque, quaint building, "gamboge coloured," with a courtyard, charming garden, and a theatre annexed. About the year 1860, the town purchased Dessein's for a museum, and the family of the former proprietor removed to Quillacq's, in the Rue de Guise, where "Dessein's" lingers on, and where a pleasing old lady, a member of the family, still directs the establishment. Two or three years ago came M. Jules Ferry with his "Normal Schools," and laid violent hands on Dessein's, levelling the old building and the fair gardens. A hideous factory-like building now rises in its place. It is shocking to the visitor of

picturesque or antiquarian tastes; but the doctrinaire member of a School Board will rub his hands with satisfaction.

There are still many picturesque bits in the old town, which are shown in our sketches. Even the view of the town as seen from the deck of the steam-boat, with its old towers and fortifications, the spires and the church steeple—which long ago attracted the admiration of Mr. Ruskin—has an attractive aspect. The old gate of the citadel is an interesting feature. The pretty, if theatrical, costumes of the fishing girls assist the general effect, when arrayed in the *grande tenue* of a Sunday or festival, with the wonderful caps, their petticoats of vivid colours, and gold ornaments, which make a pleasing show. Old Calais is fast passing away; but even in this transition state it warrants the praise of Horace Walpole—that it was the most Frenchified bit of France.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

(Our Artist's Sketches represent some of the old town gates, the citadel and ramparts, with moat and drawbridge, the Grande Place and Hôtel de Ville; and a street scene in the fishermen's quarter; to which he adds several views of the extensive works now going on, by order of the French Government, for the construction of a broad and deep navigable canal quite round the town and the existing fortifications. Sketch one is that of a view looking eastward, taken from inside the harbour, where the Channel steam-boats lie; the space across the sands in the middle of this view is being excavated for the entrance to the new canal. Sketch 8 is the opposite view looking west, with the canal partly made; in the distance is a light bridge, giving access to the sands and beach. Sketch 10 is a view looking east from the ramparts near the lighthouse, showing the course of the canal for a considerable distance, indicated by the aid of small arrows.)

Mr. Fawcett has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, polling 797 votes, as against 670 given to the Marquis of Bute, and 319 to Mr. Ruskin.

The Duke of Westminster presided, on the 15th inst., over a numerous and influential meeting in support of a movement for providing Chester with a museum, which is intended to be a centre of scientific information for Cheshire and North Wales. The Duchess of Westminster, Earl Grosvenor, Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., as representing North Wales; Professor T. M'Kenny Hughes, president of the Chester Natural Science Society; Dr. Howson, and Mr. Henry Tollemache, M.P., were among those present. His Grace promised a subscription of £4000 towards the expenses of erecting the building, and he has given a large proportion of the site.

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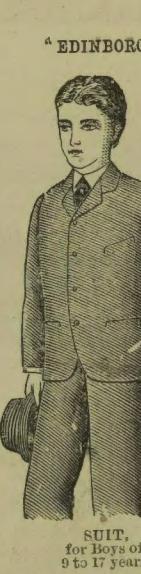
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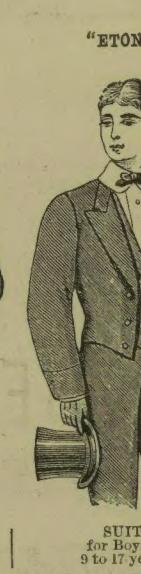
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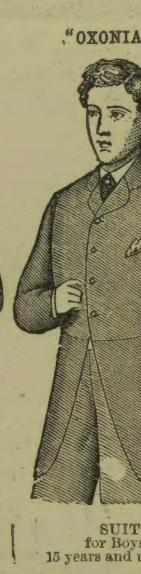
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SUIT, for Boys of 9 to 17 years.



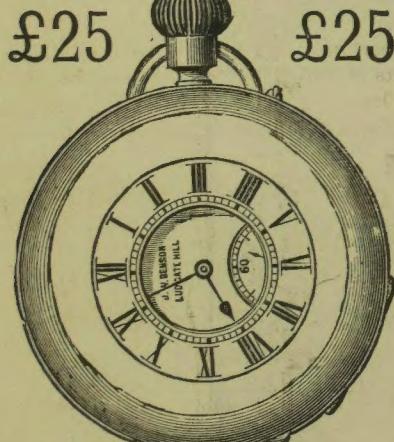
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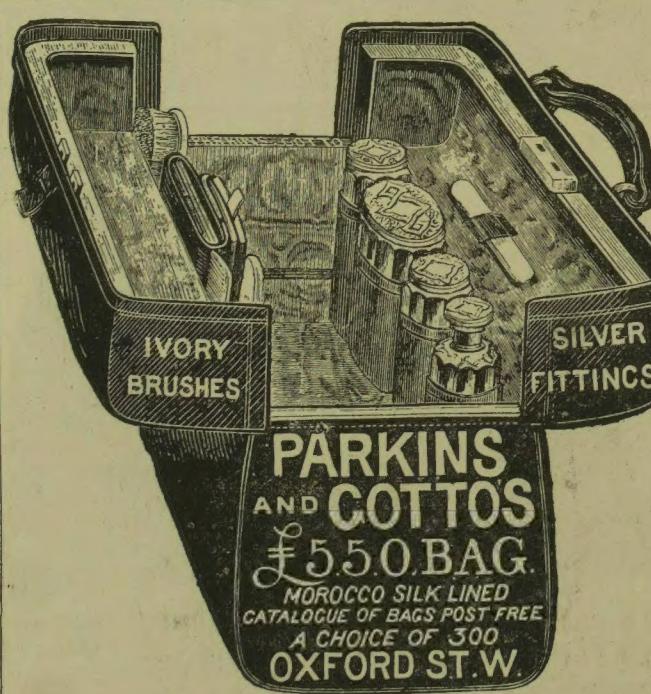
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The accompanying Illustration represents Messrs. Fry's show case at Amsterdam, which was thus described in the columns of the *British Trade Journal* :—

"The exhibit of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, of London and Bristol, could not possibly occupy a better position than that which it takes up in the main avenue of the Exhibition building. It is so well placed and so elegantly designed that no visitor who strolls through the courts is likely to miss seeing it, and it will, we believe, be generally admitted that no finer display of the products of the cacao tree is to be found in any other portion of the building. This is saying a great deal, for in the Belgian, Dutch, French, and German sections there are a great many exhibits of Cocoa and Chocolate, which are of very high merit. For real excellence, however, Messrs. Fry and Sons undoubtedly occupy the first position.

"The arrangement of their octagonal case is effective in the extreme. There is no crowding, but at the same time the variety and extent of the firm's manufactures are prominently displayed. Four handsome glass exhibition jars at the base contain Cocoa Extract, Caracas Chocolate, Queen Victoria Chocolate, and Homoeopathic Cocoa respectively; while above them, resting on a very prettily constructed arch, there are glass jars full of the Cacao bean, as imported from Carupano, Bahia, Guayaquil, and other important centres where the plant is extensively cultivated. Cocoa pods, and other designs made entirely of Chocolate, are a noticeable feature of the exhibit, the general arrangement of which displays much taste.

"Of the thousand and one other varieties in which the firm present their Chocolate manufactures, we have no space to speak. There are Chocolate Creams in an infinite number of

sizes and shapes; there are Chocolate Drops made in every imaginable form; and there are Chocolates in sticks and squares which would satisfy a person possessing an ex-

elaborately prepared, and the designs with which they are ornamented are very artistic. The Chocolates which they contain are so toothsome that there is little probability of their lasting for any length of time, but the boxes are such as may be used with advantage for a variety of purposes other than those for which they are specially intended."

Amongst the leading manufactures of the firm may be mentioned their COCOA EXTRACT. It is absolutely pure, and is prepared exclusively from choice Cocoa Nibs deprived by means of powerful hydraulic machinery of the superfluous oil of the Nibs. It retains all the fine aroma and full flavour of the Cocoa, and is much valued by all who require a beverage alike refreshing and nutritious. A Certificate of Merit was awarded by the Council of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain for this article.

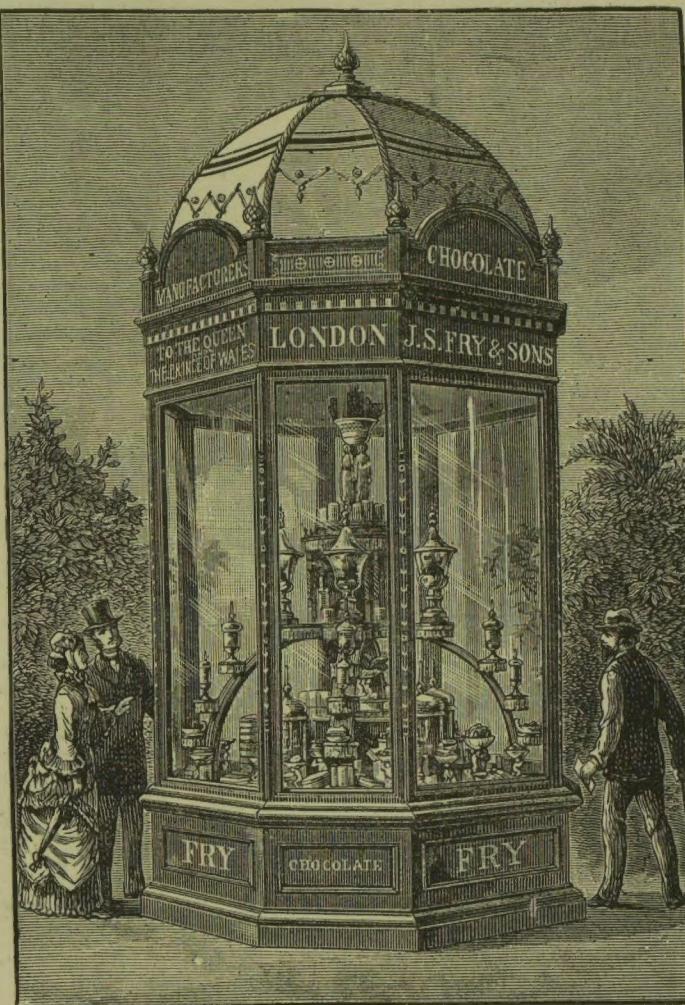
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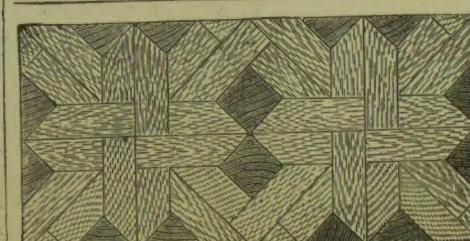
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Food, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy
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oppression, and debility, which prevented my dress-
ing or undressing myself, or making even the slightest
effort.—MADAME BOSELL DE CARBONETTI, Avignon.

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Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Drowsy, Deafness, on
which I spent thousands of pounds during twenty-
five years in vain, have yielded to this divine food,
and I am now restored to perfect health.—MR. JAMES
BORGES, Frimley, Surrey, Wood Merchant.

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Constipation, Asthma, &c. Cure No. 49,832, of fifty
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sickness, and vomiting, by Du Barry's Food.—MARIA
JOLLY, Lincoln.

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fearfully for two years, despite the best medical
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has cured me of nine years' constipation, declared
beyond cure by the best physicians, and given me new
life, health, and happiness.—A. SPADARO, Merchant,
Alexandria, Egypt.

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perfectly cured many years' fearful pains in the
stomach and intestines, and sleeplessness, with con-
stant nervous irritability, for which my wife had been
submitted in vain to medical treatment.—V. MORANO,
Merchant, Cadiz.

NERVES.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured
my wife of twenty years' most fearful suffering from
nervous and bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart,
and an extraordinary swelling all over, sleeplessness,
and asthma. Medical aid never availed her.—
ATANASIO LA BARBERA, Mayor of Trapani, Sicily.

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Rev. S. BOILLET, Ecrainville, France.

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head, which caused her cruel agony, and left her
almost without rest.—REV. J. MONASSEE, Valognes, France.

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has cured my daughter, who had suffered for two
years fearfully from general debility, nervous irrita-
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given her health, sleep, and strength, with good
muscle and cheerfulness.—H. DE MONTLIOU, Paris.

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